JOHN BULL, APRIL 4, 1925

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Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVII., No. 963. SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1925. TWOPENCE.

Mason's "O.K." the cold meat Sauce

NOT FOR PUBLICATION

A New Feature

See page 14

1000 Prizes for CROSS-WORDS

— see page 34

THE CONSUMPTION CURE

LATEST DEVELOPMENTS

BOVRIL puts Beef into you!

GRAVES BARGAIN BEDDING BALE

10/- nett

World's Finest Value. 1 pr All-Wool Blankets: 1 pr White Fleecy Blankets; 1pr Unbleached Twill Sheets; 2 White Pillow Cases; 1 White Bolster Case; 1 Alhambra Quilt; 1 Lovely Wadded Quilt. All double bed size. 84 : 10 : 0

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Catalogues Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

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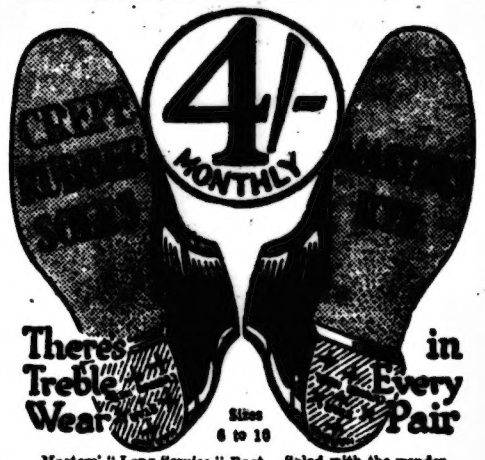

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Masters' "Long Service" Boot. Soled with the wonderful Crepe Rubber—a new invention which defies Wear, Damp and Cold. Think what they will save you in repairs—Crepe Rubber soles that wear three times as long as leather. Silent and cushion-like. Waterproof. Damp-proof. Cold-proof. Noise-proof and Wear-proof. No nails, stitched throughout. Price only 30/-. Black or Tan. Easy Terms 4/- deposit and 4/- monthly. Send 4/- now and say what size we shall send you. Satisfaction or deposit refunded. Ladies' shoes 30/-, same terms.

Price List of Boots, Suits, Costumes, Watches, Post Free.

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PSORIASIS
ECZEMA, BAD LEGS

and all other Skin Diseases are being daily cured by Kurem Herbal Treatment, when other means have failed even to relieve. Every case treated individually with an experience extending over 36 years. Send post-card for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover.

J. ROBINSON & SONS,
11, Kurem House, BRADFORD

Asthma Catarrh Bronchitis & Whooping Cough

relieved instantly by Potter's Asthma Cure. Ease during day; rest at night. When outdoor smoke Potter's Asthma Cigarettes or Smoking Mixture. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all medicine vendors, 1/6. Post free 1/9 from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

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Up to £400.

£50 CONSETT, CO. DURHAM.—Mr. J. G. ARMSTRONG, 43, The Crescent.

£45 INVERNESS.—Mr. D. MACDONALD, 33, Muirhead Street.

£40 BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. G. T. RACKLEY, T.C., 99, Treaford Lane, Alum Rock.

£20 WALTHAMSTOW.—Mr. H. J. BARWICK, 573, Forest Road.

£20 BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. T. S. WALLIS, 1/54, Garbett Street, Ladywood.

£15 DERBYSHIRE.—Mrs. W. BRADLEY, 98, Nottingham Road, Somercotes, Nr. Alfreton.

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BRANTON, Nr. DONCASTER.—Mr. J. W PRIMISTER.

FITZWILLIAM, Nr. PONTEFRACT, YORKS.—Mrs. F. HODSON, 12, Annie Street.

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Up to £300.

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GLASGOW.—Mrs. A. McKENZIE, 12, Rockdove Gardens, Tollcross.

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TOTAL NOW **15,555**

Owing to lack of space we can publish only a few of the names of readers who receive Benefits.

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GREENOCK.—Mrs. J. RAE, 3, Helen Street.

CASTLEFORD, YORKS.—Mr. J. HOGBIN, 22, Williams Street, Lock Lane.

MON., S. WALES.—Mr. C. GARRETT, 62, Bournville Road, Blaina.

ABERDARE.—Mr. JOHN LACEY, 18, Powells Row, Cwmbach.

MARCHWOOD, HANTS.—Mr. L. A. ACKERMAN, Ship Inn.

CARLISLE.—Mrs. A. GADDES, 29, Solway Terrace.

NORTON BAVANT, Near WARMINSTER, WILTSHIRE.—Mr. W. T. HODDINOTT.

BOTHKENNAR, STIRLINGSHIRE.—Mr. WM. RUTHERFORD, 43, Skinflats.

ROMFORD.—Mrs. E. SAVAGE, 135, Marlborough Road.

ENFIELD, MIDDLESEX.—Mr. H. REYNOLDS, 63, Ivy Terrace, Goat Lane.

GLASGOW.—Mr. JAMES FARRELL, 41, Walkinshaw Street, Bridgeton.

SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. F. THOMPSON, 201, Petre Street.

METHLEY, Near LEEDS.—Mr. F. WOOD, Junction Inn.

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SICKNESS BENEFITS.
£5 - 5 - 0

—for total Stoppage by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (or Lockjaw).

PECKHAM, S.E. 15.—Mrs. W. E. A. BAYNHAM, 14, Lodge Street.

LEICESTER.—Mr. T. NEWCOMBE, Wadkin Cottage, Green Lane Road, New Evington.

BOLSOVER, Nr. CHESTERFIELD.—Mr. J. W. GASCOYNE, 44, Moorfield Lane.

WALGRAVE, NORTHANTS.—Mrs. A. KIMBELL, High Street.

BRADFORD, YORKS.—Mrs. H. RAINBOW, 10, 62, Jude's Square, Manningham.

TREDEGAR, MON.—Miss PEGGY PUGH, 1, Stone Row.

OLDHAM, LANCS.—Mr. F. C. HOLME, 17, Emily Street.

CREWE.—Mrs. L. WALKER, 9, Shepyard Street.

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NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. A. CHAPMAN, 125, Peachill Road.

DONCASTER.—Mrs. AMY PEART, 91, Coppice Road, Highfields.

ST. BOSWELLS.—Mrs. H. RITCHIE, Westfield, Bowden.

NORTHAMPTON.—Mrs. E. C. SHAW, 8, Lincoln Road, St. James End.

NEWPORT, MON.—Mr. C. E. COOMBS, 12, Caroline Street.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mr. HARRY JOHNSON, 71, North Road.

BRISTOL.—Mrs. E. HIGGINS, 30, Thrissell Street, Stapleton Road.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—Mrs. J. S. HEWSON, Raithby, near Louth.

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£3 per week.

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ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. A. KILCOMMONS, 9, Bethel Road, Eastwood.

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ELMSCOTE, WARWICK.—Mrs. M. E. WILKINS, 51, Humphries Street.

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HUDDERSFIELD.—Mrs. E. BOTTOM, 16, Storth Avenue, Cowlersley Lane.

GLASGOW.—Mrs. A. BALLINGALL, 22, Cross Street, Partick.

SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. N. JAGGER, 51, Matlock Road, Walkley.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. J. JOHNSTON, 15, Teer Street, Ancoats.

BALLYMENA, Co. ANTRIM.—Mrs. M. McILROY, 2, Woodvale.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

J.B. 4/4/25.

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader

Reader's Name..... Age....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

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HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

J.B. 4/4/25.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

SEE WHAT YOU GET!

(1) The 5/- "John Bull" Pen, admittedly worth 10/6.

(2) 2/6 Everpointed Pencil FREE.

(3) Your Name in Gold on Pen FREE.

Our usual Price including postage and pocket clip, 5/6.
WITH GIFT COUPON **4/6**

Tear off Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper containing your name and address and give name or initials you wish engraved on the Pen. Send Cheque/P.O. for 4/6 (which includes postage and clip) to JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. State if fine, medium, or broad nib.

J.B. 4/4/25.

John Bull's Great Easter Gift Offer

FREE 2/6
"EVERPOINTED" PENCIL
FREE YOUR NAME ENGRAVED IN GOLD
One Shilling
Gift Coupon
EASTER, 1925.
This Coupon will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the "John Bull" 5 - Pen.
Available until April 18.

Pen is fitted with 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tip. Written two years' guarantee.

The Gift Coupon will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the "John Bull" Pen, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil. Your name also engraved in gold on Pen FREE. Thus you need only send 4/6 (which includes postage and clip) instead of 5/6 whilst this amazing Easter Gift offer lasts.

YEAST IS LIFE!

Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets.

A Lightning Pick-me-up.

IRVING'S *Yeast-Vite* TABLETS will relieve

Headache, Neuralgia, etc., in 5 minutes.

Indigestion, Flatulence, in 5 to 10 minutes.

Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 minutes.

Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 20 minutes.

Influenza Colds, Fever, in 24 hours

The greatest medical discovery of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of the Yeast when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. Take a tablet or two and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

HEADACHE, NEURALGIA ETC IN 5 MINUTES.

OUR GUARANTEE Obtain a 1/3 box from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly post us the empty box and we will refund your money immediately.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received thousands of letters from satisfied users in 15 months which are open to inspection.

17013—Dr. N. writes: "I am prescribing the tablets regularly. Please send a box to my brother (invoice to me), as I want him to take the treatment."

18296—Dr. P.: "I find the tablets an excellent tonic and would thank you for a further supply to distribute among my patients."

28323—I thought you might be interested in results of my tests. Two influenza cases quickly cured. Tem. 104 brought to normal in 12 hours. Several headache patients—pain disappeared almost instantly.

25336—I have suffered for years with anæmia, nerves and terrible coughs. Thanks to Yeast-Vite this is the first winter for years that I have not been laid up. I am afraid to be without them.

25338—For 18 years I have suffered terribly with my head and had to give up work. On recommendation I tried Yeast-Vite and am now back at work and never felt better.

22761—I shall feel eternally grateful to you for enabling me to regain my health and I shall never be without Yeast-Vite in the house. I recommended them to six friends last week.

21967—Thanks for your confidential medical advice The boils have now entirely disappeared.

22163—F—— Tuberculosis Dispensary: Kindly send a further supply. I have tried Yeast-Vite amongst certain of my patients, and in several cases they proved quite beneficial. I have great faith in their possibilities.

20961—I do not know what I would do without the tablets, and I live in fear of running short of them, as my complaint, diabetes, asserts itself as soon as I stop taking them.

21113—A matron of the Girls' Training Homes I have found the tablets efficacious. I have also tested them thoroughly myself, and have been surprised to prove them to be such a real "lightning pick-me-up." I shall always have them by me in future.

20576—I heartily endorse all your claims. Yeast-Vite tablets are marvellous! I can now eat cheese, pickles, pastry or anything I fancy, and am enjoying relief from dietetic slavery.

22373—Nurse A. L.: I was ready to go into hospital for gastric ulcer. The pain nearly drove me mad. Medicine made it worse, but Yeast-Vite stopped the pain in less than 10 minutes! They are perfectly wonderful! I recommend them to everybody!

21111—Whilst at the nursing home I had to take what Dr. B. prescribed. I suffered terribly with my head, and I felt miserable without my Yeast-Vites, but I induced a friend to get me a box, and next morning I was much brighter and myself again. The sisters noticed it, and the matron remarked, "What a change, Mrs. E.; you are looking wonderfully well to-day. Good old Dr. B." But I said to myself, "Good old Yeast-Vite!"

20643—I have suffered from indigestion for eight years. The pain at times almost killed me, and I could not eat, sleep, or do anything. After taking only four tablets the pains disappeared, and I have had no discomfort since.

Caution.—Avoid rank imitations which have no therapeutic value and are unstamped. Genuine Irving's "Yeast-Vite" tablets are always sealed with Government stamp.

Send postcard for free treatise on Diabetes, Anæmia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, etc.

TESTED JB

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES, 29, Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1

The business end of a corn is the root, which presses on sensitive nerves, as shown in picture below. After soaking in foot bath with Radox Bath Salts, you can lift out corn, root and all. Read full explanation below.

Why Corns Ache Like Teeth

What is a Corn? The picture clearly shows. A corn is a growth of hard skin caused by pressure or friction. A corn grows layer by layer. When its root presses on one of the numerous sensitive nerve endings in the deeper layers of the skin it causes pain—the shooting agony that you feel.

The picture above clearly shows why it is quite useless to cut the top off a corn. It shows that the only way to get relief from your corns is to remove them bodily, root and all.

How to Remove Corns Bodily.—When you put your feet into a Radox foot bath, the Radox Salts combine with the dead skin of the corn to form a protein salt of the actual corn itself. This protein salt dissolves in water like ordinary salt and so loosens the corn that it may be lifted out bodily. The Salts do not affect the living skin. It is only the dead skin of the actual corn which is dissolved.

If you have painful corns or callouses Radox Bath Salts will end the pain.

Scores of letters from people who have actually used Radox and who write from personal experience repeat over and over again that Radox Bath Salts end corns once and for all. For instance—

A Radox enthusiast writes:—

"My wife tried plasters, salves, salts and soda to try and move her corn, which has nearly driven her mad the last three months; but they moved neither the corn nor the pain. We noticed your advert. showing a corn being pulled out. We sent for the Radox Bath Salts at 6 o'clock, and at twenty minutes to seven my wife was pulling the corn out after years of agony. It is worth £5 a packet."

Ask your Chemist for Radox Bath Salts. He has them in stock or can get them for you. Refuse any substitute. Get Radox in the Pink packet, price 1/6, double quantity 2/6.

1/6

Half Pound Pink Packet

Radox Bath Salts

E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, LTD., 68, DEANSGATE ARCADE, MANCHESTER.

They Keep you Young!

Phillips "STICK-A-SOLES" make walking a pleasure. The wonderful ease and comfort they give takes years off your age. Secured with PHILLIPS SOLUTION ONLY.

Phillips

PRESIDENT 'STICK-A-SOLE'

Men's 3/6
Ladies' 2/6
per pair.
Fixing Extra.

Satisfaction or Money Back!

The FAIREST RAINCOAT OFFER in the World.

SARTOR

RAINCOATS—For Adults and Children

Without a doubt the Sartor Raincoat is the greatest raincoat bargain obtainable to-day. You MUST SEE THE PATTERNS to judge the wonderful value offered.

Each garment is perfectly tailored by experts, and made from a fully-proofed Gabardine which keeps its shape, and affords the wearer protection from the rain. It is lined with a warm, cosy check lining of smart and distinctive design.

Not a scrap of rubber in the Sartor—it's the Gabardine itself, proofed by special process, that keeps out the wet.

NEED NO MONEY.—First of all write for Style Book (Ladies, Gents, Maids and Youths), accurate self-measurement form and **FREE PATTERNS**, and then decide.

EVERY SARTOR GUARANTEED.—If you are not completely satisfied, send the coat back and we will willingly refund your money in full.

20/-

Carr. Pd. Br. Isles.

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The Mail Order Market

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain-Hunters

WHEN SENDING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

PAY FOR YOUR EASTER SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 10/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments, until you have paid in all **59/6**

Before placing your order elsewhere, write for patterns, Catalogue and simple Self-measurement Form.

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Choose your EASTER mount from Britain's leading makes, B.S.A., RALEIGH, HUDSON, SWIFT, CENTO, &c. Any bike sent packed free and CARRIAGE PAID ON FIRST PAYMENT.
Money returned if dissatisfied. Write for FREE LISTS.

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Props. GEORGE SMITH (Clapham Junction) Ltd.

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BRITAIN'S BEST BABY CAR.
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For a deposit of 2/6 only you can have on 14 days' approval a Magnificent British Made JUNO, sent packed free and Carriage Paid. Fully guaranteed. Deposit returned if dissatisfied.

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DIRECT FROM FACTORY.

Carriage Paid on approval
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Beautifully Upholstered. Large and Roomy. Loose Cushions. Finest Materials and Finish throughout. The Lightest and Easiest Running Carriage made.

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Write for Free Catalogue No. 20.

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SPECIAL OFFER OF
GARDEN GUNS

No. 3 Bore. Bolt action. Takes in two. Ideal for scaring birds, protecting seeds, rabbits, rooks, etc. Fitted secret loading device makes use impossible by uninitiated persons. No accidents. Safe amongst children. No permit required.

Carriage paid. Price only **17/6**

Cartridges: Short Shot, 4/6, Long Shot 5/6 100
Other Guns from 5/-

CATALOGUE of Big Bargains in Sporting Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Catapults, Nets, Traps, Snares, Fishing Tackle, etc., FREE and Postage Paid.

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"THE SOUTHERN ARMOURY,"
41, Newington Butts, London, S.E.11.

LADIES' GABARDINE ROBES
THIS SEASON'S GOODS

In Navy, Nigger, Grey, Black. Length 44in., 46in., 48in.

No. 101.—Braided and Embroidered **15/9**

No. 102.—Embroidered Pleated Sides **16/6**

Long Sleeves 1/- extra. Post free.
Money returned if not satisfied.

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(Dept. J.B.)
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2/6 Weekly

buys a No. 208A Mead Gramophone with giant horn, loud sound-box, massive oak cased and 40 tunes. Carriage paid. 10 Days' Trial. 300 model 37/6 cash to record buyers. Table Grands and Cabinet models at WHOLE SALE Prices. Write for Lists.

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Every lady should write at once for the Graves Magnificent Display of Costumes.

All Garments warranted of best make throughout. From 5/ month. Each Garment distinctive in style and quality.

Costumes delivered to approved orders on receipt of small payment. Balance monthly, if satisfied. Money back if you are in any way disappointed.

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Containing actual qualities and designs in Plain and Trimmed Casement Cloth, Trimmed Mosquito Net Guaranteed Fade-fast Clothe and Curtaines.

Orders under £1 send 6d. for carriage.

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THE "KOSINEC"
FUR & SILK SCARF.
Smartest Fashionable Novelty.
Just the Thing for Winter.

In Marten, Sable, Fitch and Vicunette, Coney. Also in Chinchilla Hare. Mounted on beautifully coloured FANCY JAPE SILK SCARVES, with plain coloured ends. Post free.

Special Price **10/-**

The plain coloured ends of these artistically toned Fancy Silk Scarves can be supplied in any of the following colours: Royal Blue, Royal Red, Orange, Tan, Nigger, SORT DELAY. Send us a 10/- note NOW. State fur and colour required. We will do the rest. Money refunded if not satisfied. Guaranteed goods. If in London call and inspect.

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BIG BICYCLE BARGAINS
Direct from Factory to Rider
Write now for New List.
From—
85/- CASH or **8/6** MONTHLY

WRITE NOW FOR LISTS

Carriage paid any station England or Wales. Orders 2/6 Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned in Full.

WIDE RANGE OF MODELS

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FREE BOOK, 200 Delightful Illustrations Studies of Window Curtains, new charm for the Modern House. SEND NOW. Pearly Results. "The Weave that Wears," Direct from the Looms." CURTAINS, wide variety for every type of Window, SILK REPSAT COLOUR HESS, FILET NETS, MUSLIN CASEMENT CURTAINS, CRETONNE, LINENE, LACES. S. PEACH & SONS 142, The Looms, NOTTINGHAM

£6,000 for 1/-

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Mechanical Parts of a 1st-class
GRAMOPHONE

Double Spring, British or Swiss Motor, 12in. Turntable, SwanTonearm SuperiorSound Box. Internal Horn, as fitted by other firms in £10-£20 Gramophones **£2:8**
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This set supplied with Mahogany polished 40 in. high Cabinet as shown. Complete **£5:15**

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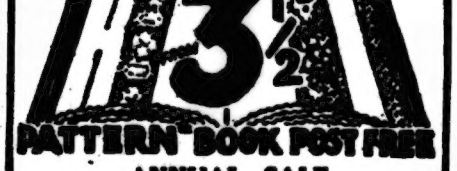

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AGENTS WANTED.

"FREEMAN'S" Spare-Time Agency.—See Large Advt. page 4.

AGENCY.—Good spare-time Agency offered to reliable persons in permanent employment to supply Clothing, Drapery, Boots, etc., on cash or easy payments. Good com., very liberal supply. Samples. Dept. 19, Bossant, Bright St., Leicester.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

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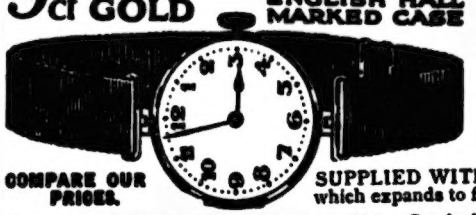

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GENUINE U.S.A. Gillette Blades, fully guaranteed, 3/9 packet, post paid.—Brown, 192, Upper Brook Street, Manchester.

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WIRELESS SETS by easy payments, loud-speakers, 'phones, components. Listen in while paying. Free Lists from the makers.—Townshends, Ltd., Ernest Street, Birmingham.

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GRAMOPHONES 25/6, motors 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

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SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 mths. trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

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SALE of Eyeglasses, 5/-.—Mr. Lawrence, the Qualified Optician, makes a monthly clearance. All 21/- spectacles reduced to 5/-.—38, Tottenham Court Road, W.1, and 210, Edgware Road, W.2, London. Prescriptions copied.

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WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, etc. New Scientific Treatment sent on FREE TRIAL. Relief first application, operation or rest unnecessary. No drugs or bandages. Astounding successes; hundreds of testimonials. Call or write NOW for Booklet "B" and full particulars.—Le Brasseur Surgical Co., Ltd. (Dept. N.P.), 26, Sackville St., Piccadilly, London, W.1. Birmingham Branch, 90, Worcester St.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself, you can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (JB), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER WEAKNESS in children, invalids and adults quickly cured by Parker's Remedy. 3/- bot., at Boots', or post free from Parker's Remedy Co. (J.B.), 13, James Street, Liverpool. Write to-day for partics.

WHEN YOUR BONES ACHE, it cannot be indigestion. Perhaps you are too young to be getting old. It may be rheumatism—or perhaps sciatica. You will find instant relief in a Radio-active Bath, easily prepared at home, with Saltium Bath Salts, obtainable at all Chemists. Price 1/9.—Hy. J. Smith (Chemists), Ltd., 2, Stanley Road, Acton, W.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free. — Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (1761d), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

CLEAR SKIN.—All Pimples, Blackheads, Blotches, Blemishes, banished by "CLERA," the marvellous new lotion. Brochure, "A Perfect Skin," Free.—Marygolds, 67, St. Albans.

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HERBAL TEA, the great revitalising and cleansing Spring Tonic, prescribed by Nature, used for Centuries. Send 1/6 for 15 days' treatment. Satisfaction or money back.—Weekday Postal Service, 621, Weekday Cross, Nottm.

NEW LIFE to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Ailing People. Thyroid GLANDETS restore Youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never fail. No drugs. Trial free.—Percivals, 67, St. Albans.

CONSTIPATION cured by natural means; invaluable to sedentary workers. Brit., P.O. 7½d. Gilbert (J.B.), 6, Erith Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

AVOID drugs. Send for sample of new Gland Food. Brain and spinal cord substance.—Laboratories (Desk H.), 15, Chestnut Rd., S.E.27.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

KARAH (Kar-rar), Finest Herbal Smoking Mixture. Something quite new. Special process. Cool, sweet, lasting and economical. Free from nicotine. 4-oz. Tins, 1/6; 8-oz., 2/9; 16-oz 5/4. Post free.—Karah Co., Collyweston, Stamford, Lincs.

KINEMA FILMS from 6/6 1,000 ft. 100-ft. sample, 1s. Lists free.—Naylor (J.B.), 71, Stanley Road, Stratford, E.15.

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CYDER, pure, bright and sound, 1/9 per gallon. Carriage Paid. Free Sample.—S. Wright and Co., Walkern, Herts.

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C.W.

Goo' bye Ole Fren'

He knows it because he grows it.

I knows yo' is good tobacco. I'se watched yo' grow, and I'se cut yo', an' I'se packed yo', an' now I'se gwinta seal yo' up, an' nobody'll see yo' for free yeahs. Yo'll stay in dat big wooden cask till you'se jest puffect. Den dey'll make yo' into Tu'f Cigarettes, an' dat's when I'd like to see yo' again.

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Vol. XXXVII. No. 983.
Week ending Saturday,
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This Week—

Special Articles by:

The Rt. Hon. Josiah Wedgwood, D.S.O., M.P., on "The Land Ramp" .. p. 15

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The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

The Vote's Value.
Parliament this week discusses pensions for mothers and a Child Adoption Bill. A complete answer to reactionaries who doubt the value of the woman's vote.

Mother's Rights.
Lady Astor failed to get accepted her clause amending the Bill to give equal rights and guardianship to both parents of legitimate children. It reflects no credit on the Standing Committee.

Tons of Statistics.
A Government Commission is sitting on food prices, another upon the coal question, and a third upon steel houses. Cut the cackle and get to brass-tacks is what the plain man wants.

The Storm Cone.
If Sir Robert Horne becomes Secretary for India when Lord Birkenhead goes as Viceroy in the autumn, the combination will at last provide the "firm hand."

A Well-oiled Brake?
Sir Robert Horne has made a business trip to Burma. His other qualification for the India Office is complete satisfaction with everything about British rule in India except the reforms.

Peace Pacts.
The British Government is now openly going for a real peace and no favour. Behind locked doors the European Foreign Offices are busy seeing what they can make out of it.

Exhausting the Obvious.
All our politicians are busy telling us that our trade troubles are due to the late war. They would be of more use to the world if they told us what they were doing to prevent another war.

Reform or Abolish!
The reform of the House of Lords is more keenly urged by the Peers than the Commons. This is because they are aware that reform is the only alternative to abolition.

The Caste System.
"Only Secondary Schoolgirls" is the stipulation made by the Post Office in arranging to recruit telephonists through Employment Exchanges. A child from an elementary school, however intelligent, has no chance. Un-British and unfair.

Singapore Costs.
The Singapore incubus will not end with the ten or twenty millions spent in making the base. A naval base is of no use without a fleet.

Balfour and Palestine.
The entire Moslem world, from Calcutta to Constantinople, will be seething with excitement during Lord Balfour's visit to Jerusalem. Was the visit worth it?

The Beginning of the End.
The attempt of Mussolini to entice England into a treaty which should exclude France is the gesture of a tired gambler. The days of "Fascimo" are numbered.

Whirligig Politics.
After a ten hours' Parliament there are to be fresh elections in Egypt. While majorities are wangled by terror and duplicity no side can truly represent the country. The Soudan may be thankful to be safe in British hands.

France and our Budget.
The money we borrowed for France still costs us millions a year in interest. Mr. Churchill would find it easier to present a popular Budget if he could bring into the reckoning something definite about the French debt. He has hopes.

Watch West Africa.
We warn the Government not to allow our thriving, loyal and well-governed West African colonies to be turned into a burden on British backs like Mesopotamia. The Empire can pay too much even for Empire cotton.

Policing a Policy.
The Empire-development specialist in the Cabinet, Mr. Amery, is off to Mesopotamia. Naturally the head of the air police has to go too. Till the kettle boils the Government will never realise how hot it is out there.

Short Way with Oppositions.
In Yugo-Slavia the Government secures a working majority by expelling from the Chamber sixty of its opponents. This is one of the frontiers Great Britain is asked to guarantee!

Thousands of new readers read "The People" last Sunday. Did you?

Foch's Failure.
There will be a rupture shortly between Marshal Foch and the representatives of the Allied Governments. It will at least clear the air. So, speaking for ourselves, the sooner the better.

Is it True?
Sir Patrick Hastings announces that he wants to be the friend of man; he can afford the job. Rumour says his emoluments in nine months as Attorney-General came to £28,000. When will Parliament be given the figures?

Tell Us.
And what did that other political miracle, Sir Henry Slesser, receive as Solicitor-General? As the taxpayers have paid, they ought to be told.

Here's Wisdom!
The Labour Government was strangled by the incompetence of its Law Officers. Some people never learn from experience. Is the Labour Party's new Standing Counsel a young relative of Eccleston Square who was "called" three years ago?

This Freedom!
Messrs. Purcell and Cook use violent language against our "bourgeois" Government and in favour of Russia's Bolshevik rule. Curious, because the former permits them to use violent language, while the latter would lock them up for it.

Our Communist Comrade.
The Parsee member for Battersea describes this country as "the biggest bully in the world." If it was, he would certainly not be allowed to say so.

The True Union.
The Leader of the Opposition says that "the biggest union that can support the miners is the union of public opinion and reason." Bravo, Ramsay!

A Dangerous Precedent.
The Admiralty order that naval artificers should be forced to work in submarines is causing grave concern throughout the Navy and will completely check recruiting. Submarine work, like air work, should be absolutely voluntary.

Back to Adam.
The Bill for increasing the scope of allotments throughout the country has passed its second reading. By bringing us nearer to the ideal of a self-supporting State, it might easily become one of the most important pieces of legislation of the century.

Socialised Wealth.
Last year, in the Post Office Savings Bank, 12,300,000 small investors saved two hundred and eighty million pounds. Employed people may be trusted to look after their own welfare. Parliamentarians please note.

Poll ms of Life.

A Neglected Truth

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE Earl of Birkenhead created a sensation some time ago by saying, in the course of an address to the students of a great university, that self-interest not only was, but ought to be, the mainspring of human effort, and that there were still prizes in the world to be grasped by those who had stout hearts and sharp swords.

Many people felt that this was a cyncial view to take of life, and bad counsel to give to young men at the outset of their career, the more so because advanced as the considered opinion of a distinguished statesman.

THE address was vigorously denounced both in pulpit and Press; but perhaps we were not quite fair to Lord Birkenhead or fully apprehended the bearing of his words.

He asked the pertinent question, What control can any person exercise over any other life as compared with his own, and what other human being can know one's needs and capacities as well as oneself?

The greatest of Greek sages asked this very question considerably more than two thousand years ago.

Plato and Aristotle both taught that a man's first duty was to himself—that is, to develop and discipline himself and make himself the best kind of character that he could.

Hence their rule of life was "to mind one's own business"; and they meant by this attending to one's own weaknesses and shortcomings instead of other people's.

We have reversed this principle nowadays, and, as an able American essayist rightly says, transferred the struggle between good and evil from the individual to society.

CIVILISATION, Benjamin Kidd reminded us, is a social, not an individual inheritance; but we cannot say the same of character, and the main trouble with us to-day is that we are trying to secure by collective action what can only be effected by each man for himself and within his own heart.

As the wise old proverb has it, If every man swept before his own door we should have a clean street.

We think too much in abstractions. There is no such thing as goodness; there is no such thing as justice; there are good men and just men, and these are not made by Act of Parliament but by individual moral effort.

Only by becoming sovereign of our own souls, one by one, can we really do much to help our fellow men.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

The Cotton Mills.

A big push is being made by Master Spinners to revive the Lancashire industry. When the housewife can get cheap cotton goods trade will hum.

Fair Fishing.

Some M.P.s want more Government aid for the fishing industry. What the Government should see to is that the people get all the fish that is caught and the fishermen a just share of what the people pay.

April Elections.

In London alone Boards of Guardians spend £9,000,000 yearly. It comes out of the pockets of the ratepayers. Why, then, abstain from the poll?

The Food Jugglers.

When in December flour cost 58s. 6d. per sack the quartern loaf was 10d. To-day, with flour at 52s., it costs 11d. There's an explanation due from somebody.

Is a Wife a Monkey?

With deep regret Mr. Justice Shearman rules it to be still the law that in the main a husband is as much responsible for mischief done by his wife as for mischief by a pet monkey. Will women use their vote to redress this grievance?

Back to Toll-bars.

If Brighton succeeds in obtaining sanction to provide a private motor road from London a heavy toll will be charged. It's a retrograde move. Roads for public use should be provided by the public and highways must be free.

A Shove Wanted.

"Argufying" on the wages for Weir steel houses will go on for ever unless Mr. Neville Chamberlain puts a squeeze on. The deadly sin in housing is to build more cheaply than other people.

Restore Industry.

To meet employers trying to cure paralysis of shipyards there must be some slackening of trade union rigidity. Easy going isn't secured if only one shoe fits.

Setting the Pace.

When a Peckham baker brought down his four-pound loaf to ninepence the shop was rushed by eager purchasers. A straw, showing the way the wind sits.

Cracking the "Knuts."

Our diehards are opposed to the eight-hours-day Bill, in which a forty-eight hours' week is to be universal throughout the industrial world. Perhaps a good dose of overtime would convert them.

The New Census.

From the Ministry of Labour 400,000 enquiry forms are being issued for employers to tabulate hours and earnings of British workers. If paper inquisition could do the trick there would be no unemployed.

War Office Wages.

Employees of the Army Clothing Department have had little difficulty in showing that their present wage of 49s. weekly falls scandalously below the present cost of living. There must be a drastic alteration if serious trouble is to be avoided. The State should be a model employer.

A Black Spot.

In a caravan at Blackpool the local police found a mother and six children sleeping in one bed, while another was shared by a fifteen-year old girl and her seventeen-year-old step-brother. What morality or decency is possible under such conditions?

"John Bull" Pays
124 More Insurance Benefits
Total now 15,555

A Young Hero.

Well-deserved was the Royal Humane Society's presentation and the police-officers' gift of money to young Edwin Orchard, a schoolboy of Clapton. Although only thirteen years of age, this lad has saved no fewer than seven lives from drowning, and often at great risk of his own. With such youngsters about the future of Empire is safe.

Pauper Prisoners.

The Reading Guardians announce that for the future "casuals" admitted to the workhouse on Saturdays will be detained until Monday morning. It is very doubtful whether such detention is legal. A man compelled to seek a night's shelter in the workhouse does not, and ought not to, lose his right to liberty.

Thanked from the Grave.

Landladies are the butt of humorists, who show them up as hard and grasping, but when Phœbe Routledge, a crippled Chorley weaver, was picked dead out of a canal a note she left stated that she was an outcast, but had been treated like a human being by her landlady. Thanks from the grave are sincere.

The Right Spirit.

Northampton magistrates temper justice with humanity in a way we would like to see more general elsewhere. An aged widow was haled before them on a charge of selling packets of scent without a licence, and so keeping body and soul together. The magistrates bought a licence, gave it to the widow, and dismissed the charge against her, thus showing kindly common sense.

Another Pension Success.

Mrs. Hobday, of 2, Wilton Place, Armley, Leeds, the mother of a dead soldier, a corporal of the West Yorkshire Regiment, was getting a pension of only 8s. 5d. weekly. Our Pensions Department took the matter up and official reconsideration was obtained, and we learn from the Ministry of Pensions that this poor woman will henceforth get her rights, and the maximum allowance of 20s. weekly for the present.

All in the Day's Work.

For all-round ready pluck the British policeman takes a lot of beating. Constable Loftin, of the Bristol police, saw that a man of seventy-three was in difficulties in a trench where a gas-main was being laid, and without hesitation leaped into the gas-laden pit and brought his man up to the life-giving air, falling unconscious himself as he staggered to safety. When the next batch of stripes is ready what about Loftin's arm?

Drug Declined.

When Harold Bernard Warner, of Birmingham, offered to Violet Weston a noxious drug instead of the marriage she had a right to expect she showed herself possessed of common sense and spirit. Declining a course certain to ruin her health, she took her case to court and Warner got a well-deserved sentence. Violet deserves a better fate. One day she may meet an upright man able to appreciate her.

An Unemployment Tragedy.

An out of work ex-soldier, Edward Wellington, who is being kept by his brother-in-law, has been sent to jail for two months for arrears of maintenance to his wife who is in employment. The Bench would have let him off if his friends could raise the money. Unfortunately his brother is also out-of-work. It is hard lines on all; and sending Wellington to jail may be the only answer, but it is certainly no remedy.

The Pity of It.

Minnie Price, a domestic servant of Rugby, ended the despairing hunt for a non-existent house by putting her head in a gas-oven. It is easy to bring in a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind. The real unsoundness is in the failure to provide houses. It is natural for a girl about to be married to desire a home of her own. Miss Price is another victim of the building squabbles.

Black Sheep.

For over two hundred days James Fraser, of Bank Street, Woodside, Aberdeen, signed on for unemployment benefits for himself and family, whilst he was a bookmaker's assistant, and earning three or four pounds a week. The actions of such grasping rascals cause others genuinely in need of help to be treated with suspicion.

Mangled in Machinery.

An unfortunate workman, John Carter, of the Lower Varteg Colliery, was caught on the machinery and his arm pulled practically out of its socket. The man died in untold agony. The method of stopping the machine is to throw a stone against some corrugated iron beside it. Surely a British workman's life deserves the added protection of an electric bell.

Bad for the House.

When the steam-roller driven by J. Bailey, of Bath, got out of control, and ran backwards down hill, he stuck to his post, shouted to frightened children to get out of the way, and backed it into a house. Bad for the house and the steam-roller, but good for the children. Bailey risked his life to save them. He may like to know that his courage is appreciated.

A Darby Winner.

Dr. Ruth Darby, resident medical officer of the Infants' Hospital, Vincent Square, London, had to perform the operation of transfusing blood from a mother to a child. The mother fainted under the operation. Dr. Darby immediately offered her own blood. Three times in ten days she gave her blood for this child's life—and saved it in the end. Such bravery and self-sacrifice honour her and her profession and humanity.

Child Exploitation.

Many employers of cheap labour engage mere children at scandalously low rates of pay and work them long hours. This is one of the most cruel forms of exploitation. Mr. A. Smith, of 8, Jupps Lane, Aberdeen, has been fined £1 for employing a lad under the legal age. Many such boys are engaged in dead-end occupations which never give them a chance. It is a grave flaw in our social system.

A Mean Trick.

When Isabella Wilson was charged at Northampton with exposing a child of three for purposes of begging, it was said that a woman who collected with her had eighty-two pennies, eleven halfpennies and two threepenny pieces upon her. People who exploit charity in this way are the worst enemies of the deserving poor. Genuine poverty is one thing, organised cadging another, and the extent to which babies are misused to-day in this way ought to engage the sympathetic attention of the N.S.P.C.C.

British and True Blue.

It is exhilarating to read the records of Coxswain Richard Payne, of Newhaven, and Coxswains Tose and Patten, of Runswick, who have received the bronze medals of the R.N.L.I. for the bravest sea rescues of the year. Payne took charge of the lifeboat when a cross-Channel steamer went ashore, and in spite of the fact that a tug rolled on the top of the lifeboat, smashing her gunwales and hull, he stuck to his post until the last man of the crew was taken ashore. Brave fellows all, the type that upholds the best traditions of Empire.

A Warning to Girls.

The professional deceiver of women is still at his game. Percy John Russell, a commercial traveller, convicted and sentenced at Marylebone for taking over £13 from Alice Green, a pretty typist, is one of the worst. He picked up acquaintance in the park, and then borrowed money on various pretexts. Another of his methods was to make appointments with servant-girls in order to gain admission to houses he wished to burgle. A bad lot and a warning. But girls still seem unable to learn—except by experience.

Silence not Golden.

A correspondent wrote to us that he could not get the winnings he claimed from Messrs. C. Langdon and Co., Football Accountants. We wrote and asked this firm why. We can get no reply either. Is further comment necessary?

Keep Them Out.

According to Mr. Charles Hawkins, of the Textile Trades' Association, the bulk of the fraudulent trading carried on in this country is perpetrated by aliens. This statement entirely coincides with our own information. Why Great Britain should continue to be the dust-bin of Europe we fail to understand.

The Long Arm of Coincidence.

Douglas Patterson, a football bookmaker, of 5, New Oxford Street, London, W., ought to look into his post-box arrangements. Every time we draw his attention to a complaint from a reader, he always denies that he received the coupon. This has happened so often that there is obviously something wrong.

Charity Ballot Worth While.

We have on many occasions found it necessary to make serious charges against Charity Ballots. In fairness to our readers, and to the hospitals, we feel that it is our duty to point out that the *Daily Mail* Hospital Ballot is one in which they may participate with absolute confidence. Every penny of the prize money is guaranteed.

Company Costs.

The London Financial Service, Ltd., of 69, Fleet Street, London, E.C., is continuing to find dissatisfied clients. It took fees from Mr. R. T. Beer, of 199, Clifton Road, Balsall Heath, Birmingham, promising to get capital to put into his business. When they failed to do this and he complained, they wrote to talk to him of taking action on a criminal charge of blackmail. The Ashtons, the moving spirits of this concern, are as haughty as ever.

Posh Patsy Again.

An Australian visitor has been robbed of nearly £1,000 in London by two men speaking with Irish accents, who claimed friendship with him. Of course they are "Posh" Patsy and one of his gang. The Australian, apparently not a reader of John Bull, might be excused for not knowing this. The police have no such excuse, and it is a scandal that they cannot lay their hands on this impudent rascal who has been playing the same games in the same places for years.

The Half-crown Key to Wealth.

The Commercial Employment Bureau, 19-20, Craven Street, Charing Cross, W.C.2, is advertising for people who wish to make at home £250 to £500 a year. They sell you plans for half-a-crown that they say will enable you easily to earn £500 a year. One can only say that if people will believe that they will believe anything.

Skin and Fur.

That rascal, Solomon Diamondstein, the long firm fraud, has just been sent to jail for three years for swindles involving £3,000 against members of the fur trade. We have constantly pressed for legislation to stop these fraudulent bankrupts, and the Government has now a Bill in draft for that purpose. If our advice had been taken long ago, hundreds of thousands of pounds would have been saved to the trading community.

Wake Up, Scotland Yard!

The Official Receiver has now held the first meeting of the creditors of Londal, Limited, the so-called money-lending firm run by a rogue named Henry Gordon Lewin, who has absconded after relieving his employees of something like £27,000. The Official Receiver is going to "report the matter" to the right authorities. It is now months since we laid bare the true history of this concern, and, in the public interest, we again demand the arrest of Lewin the elusive.

Investors, Beware.

The Anglo-Eastern Investment Co., Ltd., of 6, Broad Street Place, London, E.C.2, strongly recommend an investment in the Upper Burma Oil Company, Ltd. As this concern lost money on the last year its accounts were submitted, we are not enthusiastic about it, even though the concessions it is working were obtained from the Queen of Mandalay. Even the Queen cannot guarantee that there will be enough oil to still the waters "when the storm comes up like thunder out of China—cross the bay."

Words—and Music.

There are many persons to-day taking fees from people on the promise of setting the songs of amateurs to popular music. The word-writers, after paying the money over, often find the music silent, and their money does not come back. Mayards, Ltd., who carried on business as music publishers at 62, Oxford Street, London, W., appear to be setting very slow music to the words of some clients, who can't get their songs, or, indeed, any word from the concern.

The Human Machine.

That Tired Feeling!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

EVERYONE who works with mind or muscle gets tired after a time. The human machine will only do a certain amount without protesting.

Mental fatigue is, in reality, the same as physical fatigue. So far as we know the mind is tireless, but it cannot work efficiently in a tired body.

Fatigue may be local or general. Manual labour that exercises one particular set of muscles will, in the end, exhaust those muscles. In such a case a change of occupation is as effective as a complete rest.

General fatigue is a more serious matter; a change of occupation in that case would only increase the fatigue.

"That tired feeling" is due to a definite poisoning of the system. The blood gets charged with waste products more quickly than it can carry them away. In such a case nothing is any good but rest to enable the system to clear itself again.

There is no cure for fatigue but rest. Drugs, stimulants, are not only useless but dangerous.

It is true that for a short time they may spur one on to greater efforts, but their effect wears off rapidly and leaves the jaded muscles and nerves far more fatigued than they were before.

THE easiest way is to prevent the onset of fatigue. Work hard while you are working, and intersperse your work with rest pauses.

And when you rest—if it is only for a few moments—do it thoroughly.

Relax both body and mind. Give the machine a real chance to recover.

An hour's hard work followed by five minutes' rest, then another hour's work and another five minutes' rest is a good plan.

It is wonderful what a recovery a tired body or mind can make in five minutes.

Hard work with well-arranged "rest-pauses" is the way to avoid "that tired feeling."

TREASURE HUNT EXPOSED

THE ROMANCE OF NAVARINO

Riches from the Deep

As the word "Mesopotamia" is blessed, so is the word "Navarino" romantic. Every schoolboy knows, as Macaulay used to say, or ought to know, as we might less optimistically put it, how the Battle of Navarino began, a hundred years ago.

The Fleets of England, France and Russia on the one hand, and of Turkey and Egypt on the other, were lying in the bay while the Chancellories of Europe were trying to prevent the outbreak of war.

The Turks opened fire and killed a British officer, Lieutenant Fitzroy, in a rowing-boat. Without another word the guns all round began to bark, and, in the end, the Turkish and Egyptian fleets were sent to the bottom.

A romantic story. But not the only one. For a long time before the battle the ships that were sunk had been pillaging Greece, and it has been calculated that they had on board, when sent to the bottom, gold and jewels and other treasures to the value of ten million pounds.

For a hundred years this noble booty, greater than the wealth of Ormuz, has lain in that rocky bay, and nowhere at a depth of more than 200 ft. So near, and yet so far—just beyond the point where it was out of reach of divers of the past. The little more, and how much it is; the little less, and what worlds away!

Unexhausted romance

Another romance. The Great War taught us much in marine and submarine and salvage work. The improvement in salvage operations has again centred attention on the buried treasures of Navarino.

The romance is not exhausted. It is inexhaustible. A little over a year ago a company was formed in England called the Navarino Recovery, Limited, with a nominal capital of £50,000 in 2s. shares, all of which have been subscribed in cash.

At one time General Sir Hubert Gough, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., was a director of this concern, but he has recently retired. It has been stated that Earl Beatty, Lord Knutsford and others of eminence were shareholders. The chief shareholder is the promoter, Mr. Edgar Anderson, 16, Caroline Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

Recovery starts

In spite of their joint advice, the treasure has not yet been retrieved, and it is now announced that the Navarino Recovery Company, Limited, which had contracted to salve the ships, has changed its policy and is now itself going to raise them.

Some of the shareholders, however, are obviously anxious to get rid of their shares. They have entrusted the sale of them to a concern called the Exchange Investment Trust, Corporation Street, Birmingham, which is flooding the country with circulars peddling shares for 6s., for which the original subscribers paid 2s. Let us return to the romance.

Why the Exchange Investment Trust should want to part with these shares, if what they say about them is true, is what, as Lord Dundreary used to say, "No fellow can understand."

They say that fourteen ships have been found, and work started on nine of them, and they hear "unofficially" that the material already salved would return the entire capital of the company several times over. Several times is at least thrice; and that would equal 6s. a share, or exactly what is being asked for them. Why on earth, then, do they want to sell?

For, besides the security of the material already salved, they have the whole ten million pounds yet to come. Why should they give away this magnificent prize for nothing? They say the treasure is there, it has been located, and the salvage operation is one of the easiest. Only one of the simplest could believe such a yarn, jewelled in every hole.

They do not say why the Greek Government did not itself replenish its coffers by lifting the treasures. That would be a pertinent observation. But they say that if they can get only one ship up, the flagship *Captain Bey*, they would get more than £2,000,000 in specie alone.

What, then, is the Exchange Investment Trust, which is offering to sell to all and sundry 2s. shares for 6s., which they themselves earnestly assure us are the best speculative opportunity ever offered, and have an intrinsic value of £5 each?

Mixing oil and water

The "Trust" is a one-man concern, run by a Mr. C. W. Dickinson, who has a one-roomed office in Birmingham. For years he has been peddling shares in flat-catching ramps of the most flagrant type, especially of the American dud "oil-lease" kind.

He is now going to mix oil and water, no easy task. We advise none of our readers to assist him.

Let the dead past of Navarino, the romantic, bury its dead; and give no foolish encouragement to Mr. Dickinson in his preference for treasure-hunting amongst mugs ashore, instead of among the barnacles of the sunken wrecks, held fast at the bottom of the sea in Davy Jones' locker.

A Very Modern Joseph

Brethren Left Stranded

"THERE'S a widow in sleepy Chester," Kipling once wrote in a famous poem. There are still sleepier places than Chester, and one of them is Chester-le-Street.

This discovery was made some time ago by a gentleman named Morris Percy Laurie-Joseph, who described himself as a theatrical agent and an auctioneer, and gave his address at 18, York Street, Covent Garden.

Looking round this Sleepy Hollow, he announced his intention of "livening it up a bit," and started the business of an auctioneer and valuer. Chester-le-Street threw out its chest, and most of the inhabitants took Morris Percy Laurie-Joseph at his own valuation. In return he took them in.

Joseph, following a classical example, proceeded to look for brethren or, at least, for partners. He found a young man—an honest, decent, straightforward fellow—who was out of work. Joseph invited him into the land of Egypt, as it were, to enjoy the corn and the oil and the wine.

The young man did not know anything of auctioneering, but much more of the Bible. And when he thought how the Biblical Joseph brought his brethren into the land of Egypt, and showed such signal favour to Benjamin, he was persuaded that this part of one of the greatest narratives of the world was going to be repeated in sleepy Chester-le-Street.

The rest of the story is comparatively dull and prosaic. The young man handed a hundred pieces of gold to Joseph, who gave him a partnership deed, and promised him a weekly salary of fifty pieces of silver.

Joseph then found another young man, and made a Benjamin of him, too. He took one hundred and fifty pieces of gold from him, and gave unto him a salary of sixty pieces of silver each week.

The business ran for a few weeks, but made no impression on the auctioneering trade, and went irretrievably "phut." The young men wanted their money back, but found that Joseph was only nominally like his great Biblical prototype.

He did not give them corn nor silver cups or changes of raiment, but he gave them a promissory note, shook them by the hand, and went away.

The notes have not been honoured, there was no money to meet them at the bank, and Joseph has now disappeared. The lamenting Benjamins are seeking for him in vain. There is no 18, York Street, Covent Garden, and they do not know any address at which they have the remotest hope of finding him.

To-day, other Josephs, all over the country, are advertising partnerships as illusory as this. When will people take our advice and get references before parting with their money?

Hoshor's Oskosh Bosh

Americans booming Canada

MEET Mr. John C. Hoshor, Mr. William C. Toomey, Mr. William C. Montanye, Mr. Edwin L. Presby, Mr. Charles Perry *and* Mr. John J. McGraw, all American citizens, with addresses at 540, West 113th Street, New York City, and at 23, Leadenhall Street, London-on-the-Mud.

Directors of Hoshor, Montanye and Co., Ltd., they are optimists every one. Some people may never have heard of them, but there was a time when nobody had heard of Andrew Carnegie.

Our fortunes are to come out of Ungava, Canada, a district in the same balmy latitude as Labrador on the one side and Hudson Bay on the other. If the winters are slightly colder than on the Labrador coast, the summers are warmer.

Good fishing

There are more things than frostbite to be had in Ungava. Round about the Oskosh Lake are there not "valuable iron-ore deposits, gold, nickel, copper, mica, ochre, and marble of superior quality" simply waiting to be taken away? And do not "trout, chub, ling and suckers abound in the lakes and rivers?"

Not so many suckers, perhaps, as in the valley on the Thames, but quite well worth hooking. There aren't any railroads round Labrador at the moment, and Eskimos hate working mineral deposits, but time may change all that.

It happens that certain concessions for the Ungava district are in the possession of the Ungava Development Company, Ltd., in which William C. and John J. and the others are terribly interested.

If, as they point out, "any enterprise that has for its object the development of Canada industrially cannot fail to be of keen interest to the people of the British Empire, who have always viewed with pride the progress of its Colonies," why should West 113th Street be indifferent?

Colossal cheek

Those who "exercise sufficient foresight to join at the outset, and at the special offering price" of 18s. for a 21s. share, "will undoubtedly"—meet Mr. Andrew Carnegie!—"have an experience similar to that of the originators of the large iron and steel industries in America."

"To fully appreciate the magnitude of this gigantic project we must place ourselves in the position of those who visualised the future of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania — Andrew Carnegie, Henry Frick, Charles M. Schwab, Andrew W. Mellon, William E. Corey, Elbert H. Gary and others."

To "fully appreciate the magnitude" of the cheek possessed by Hoshor, Montanye and Co., Ltd., one must learn that they are the successors of W. C. Montanye and Co., promoters of the recently exposed American method of selling "units."

Vanishing Tricks

Or innocence abroad

WHAT happens when a trader who has taken money from the public for certain goods and has neither delivered those goods nor returned the money closes his door, enters a motor-car and disappears?

One would imagine that the police would get after him hot-foot, that the Public Prosecutor, on his attention being drawn to the matter, would swiftly and sternly invoke justice.

In reality, nothing like that often happens. H. Clayton, with an address given as 8, Westmoreland Buildings, E.C., was trading, at the beginning of the year, as H. Lloyd-Marshall and Co., electrical engineers, importers of electrical and wireless fittings, and Government contractors. They were stated to have agents throughout Great Britain and to be British representatives of the Croix Company of Paris. It sounds mighty important.

Big-scale business

If you had called on the firm, however, you would have found, not a council of engineers and Government contractors, but Mr. Clayton, plus a boy, plus a girl clerk.

You would not have found them in offices as impressive as their notepaper. You would have found them in a room over a greengrocer's shop. Business may begin on a small scale and end on a big one. This did not: it ended in a smash.

One Friday evening they ordered something like £100 worth of goods from H. Hayward and Co., Unity Works, Malmesbury Road, Bow, with whom they had had smaller dealings. They were paid by cheque. The cheques were not met.

When Hayward and Co. sent for an explanation, they found that Clayton had left, taking with him the goods. He has not condescended to return, but there are awaiting him many other letters of complaint. Many letters have reached us, too.

Hayward and Co. informed the Public Prosecutor, who notified the police. Then nothing much happened.

Muddle, not fraud

Five or six weeks later, the Public Prosecutor decided not to prosecute. He gave several reasons. With regard to other complaints—they were concerned with small sums, obtained from country people, and he did not feel justified in bringing these people to London, unless he was reasonably sure of a conviction. Some time before Clayton had confessed that delay in his business was due to muddle.

We should like to know, and so would Hayward and Co—was there no fraudulent intent with regard to obtaining Hayward's goods?

Clayton got them on a dud cheque, and took them away at night. Does the Public Prosecutor suppose he took them out in a car to return them to Hayward and Co., and got lost on the way? If so, that is added reason why the police should find him.

HOUSES TO WATCH

DENS OF SHAMEFUL HORROR

Kill the White Slave Traffic

IT is naturally gratifying to us to know that the campaign which we persistently waged against the night clubs, sending our representatives into dangerous haunts when the police professed to be unable to get adequate information, and publishing the names and addresses of these dens, has been successful. Public opinion has at last been aroused, and the Home Secretary has brought in a Bill which almost reads as though it had been designed to meet the defects we have pointed out.

We now invite the Home Secretary to go one better, and to make a similarly direct move to cope with the even greater evil of the white slave traffic. We tell him plainly that it is worse to-day than it has been for many years.

Constantly we have directed attention to the systematised traffic of young Englishwomen shipped to Buenos Aires, there to live a life of horror that is worse than death. We are glad to say that we have now enlisted support in the House of Commons, where questions are being asked about this scandal.

The first step

Two girls working in an English revue were tempted to throw up their work and go to South America. When they got there they found that the job was not ready. They were sent to a boarding-house to wait. When they could not meet their bills, they were told to go to a particular saloon and there earn the money, or be turned into the street. We could multiply these instances by scores.

We are willing to supply the Home Secretary with the names and addresses of many evil people who batten on vice in London. The places to which we refer are to be found in Bloomsbury, Oxford Street, Marylebone, Shaftesbury Avenue, Jermyn Street, Victoria and Mayfair.

Some are luxurious apartments, carpeted and curtained; some are bogus beauty-parlours, which are houses of assignation, and others are quiet-looking restaurants and hotels which, mostly kept by aliens, make enormous profits out of their demure external appearance and the contrasting horror within.

A Belgian pest

The impudence and even audacity with which some of these foreign pests defy the authorities could scarcely be better exemplified than by the story of a loathsome Belgian named Hermann Hoogan, who, for some thirty years, has been living on vice in this country.

The police caught him the other day keeping a disorderly house in Great Russell Street, London, W. They knew that for years he had been associated with people who are engaged in the white slave traffic between Buenos Aires and Southampton. Years ago they accumulated evidence that he was living on the immoral earnings of women, but just as they were about to take action he got to know of it and left the country.

After the war he came back and earned his living by taking flats and letting them to fast women at big prices. In addition to this, he was letting several rooms at his own house at three to four guineas a week; and when he was at last arrested he seemed to know the police were coming, because all his evil tenants had just fled.

He was described in his papers as a waiter and had to register as an alien at the Aliens Registry Office at Bow Street Police Court.

The police are supposed to keep a vigilant eye on the aliens here. If they had done this adequately, it should have been a simple thing to find, years before they did, that he was not a waiter at all, but a man living without visible means of support, and therefore fulfilling no useful purpose in this country—the only justification for his being here.

He should have been recommended for deportation on this ground alone. It is difficult to understand why, in the case of a man who had been admittedly under the observation of the police for many years, and suspected by them to be continuing his evil courses, his alleged "waitership" could not long ago have been explored and exploded, and his expulsion hurried.

Anxiety for missing girls

There is a whole army of foreign pests of this kind busy at work here, ensnaring young English girls. They have agents in most of the Continental cities. The other day the French police raided a den in Paris, and found a number of young girls there, some English and some Scotch. The traffic is carried on in Liverpool and Glasgow as well as in London, and the provincial police have also much to do in keeping on the track of those who conduct it.

Since we recently turned the light of publicity on the dramatic case of a missing girl, letters have poured into this office from broken-hearted mothers, touched in their hearts and homes by equally poignant tragedies, begging us with touching and pathetic urgency to find for them the beloved daughters they have lost.

Putting on the Screw

Up-to-date and Out-of-date

THE more we learn about John Blundell, Limited, of 60-62, City Road, London, E.C.1, the more we dislike the methods they employ.

In addition to the devices we have already criticised, they have others equally unscrupulous.

Sometimes one of their travellers will come into a small suburban street and make a list of names and addresses. Later on, one of their carmen will call and hand in a parcel of goods—perhaps a pair of shoes, or a suit of clothes, or a lady's coat—and ask for a receipt.

In many cases he gets it, especially where the parcel is addressed to the husband, and taken in by the wife.

Once the goods are delivered nothing happens until a bill is sent from John Blundell, Limited. When people refuse to accept the goods, the carman says he is authorised only to deliver. If the bill is not paid the next step is the receipt of a document headed "In the Shoreditch County Court of Middlesex," in which it is stated that Blundell, Limited, are the plaintiffs and the recipient the defendant, who is invited to sign a statement that the money is due and will be paid by instalments. After that, if it is signed, the courts are invoked to do the work of collecting.

The firm, however, has another card up its sleeve. In a case where a man is in employment, he may get a letter stating that if the sum claimed is not paid it may be necessary for a representative to call at the place where the man works. We have in our possession several of these letters, and we cannot too strongly criticise this method of applying pressure.

No doubt the firm may say that travellers are exceeding their authority. But we have not heard from any of the people who have complained to us that any effort was made by the firm to take back the goods.

The last directors of the firm of John Blundell, Limited, according to Somerset House, are Mr. L. M. Drage (formerly Cohen), Mr. D. J. Jacobs and Mr. Joseph Phillips. The management has now invited us to visit them and discuss matters.

We decline to make any demands on their time for several reasons—one being that they are obviously overworked, as they have not yet filed returns very considerably overdue at Somerset House, though they are liable to a fine of £5 a day for this continued omission.

We suggest that they should remedy this remissness. In the alternative, we suggest that Somerset House should take a leaf out of Blundell's book, and use more exacting methods with this exacting firm.

THE GOLDEN PORCUPINE

COUNTLESS VICTIMS OF A "KLONDYKE" RAMP

Official Action Needed to Stop Grave Scandal

THERE are some philanthropists in Canada with representatives busily engaged in selling to people in this country shares in the Porcupine Midfield Gold Mine.

The Porcupine Midfield Gold Mine is situated in Northern Ontario, Canada, where there are a number of gold-mines which have been profitably worked. But the experts all round the Porcupine Midfield know all about it, and for some astonishing reason, instead of keeping it for themselves, they have decided to sell it, or as much as they can of it, to the English public.

This is handsome philanthropy. But not too handsome. The shares are valued at one dollar each in Canada, and they are offered for sale here at 5s. each, which is not exactly offering us something for nothing. As we tell more about the proposition, it will be seen that it would be much nearer the mark to say that they are offering us nothing for something.

The man from Toronto

And they are offering this golden opportunity that they do not want themselves with splendid persistence and thoroughly equipped organisation. They are represented here by a share-pushing concern called the Commonwealth Trading Corporation, Ltd., with offices at 6, Throgmorton Street, E.C., from which the country is flooded with boosting Porcupine propaganda, and West End offices at 11, Waterloo Place.

A lady living in a fashionable part of London invested £18. Some months later she was surprised to receive a visit from a Mr. W. Manning. He was a very impressive gentleman indeed, complete with spats, top-hat, eye-glass and diamond tie-pin, and equipped with a pleasing voice, ingratiating manner and a pushful personality.

He explained that he came from the Porcupine Midfield, and the reason of his unusual action in calling at the flat of a lady shareholder—or at least quite unusual in this country—was that he was the bearer of glad tidings.

Waves of enthusiasm

Yes, great things were happening in the Porcupine Midfield. He did not tell her that not a hole had been made in the ground, and that not as much machinery as there is in an alarm clock had been installed. Perhaps he thought to tell her this might be unkind.

The great things that were happening were less tangible. They consisted of waves and waves of enthusiasm about the Porcupine Midfield Gold Mine, rolling and sweeping over the great Canadian plains, and threatening to inundate them.

Canadians themselves, the people on the spot, the people who knew, were tumbling over one another to get the shares, and the consequence was that these shares were going to boom. This mine, in fact, was going to be the greatest gold boom in history.

But his generosity knew no mean niggardly bounds. He pressed her to fill her pockets with profits, and to buy something like £500 worth. She said she hadn't so much money to spare. He did not offer to lend it to her. His philanthropy stopped short at that.

He told her to borrow from her rich friends, and assured her, on the word of a top-hatted and bespatted benefactor, that within ninety days the shares would be worth twice what she paid for them, and to prove it he himself would come back and lay at her feet a stack of cheques like some which he produced from his pocket and waved before her dazzled eyes.

Lord Byng, Governor-General of Canada.

Manning won the battle. He got her £500.

A few days later he came back, obviously suffering from a new spasm of generosity and philanthropy.

He tried to get another £400 from her. He actually got her to sign an order, but either her courage failed or her sense recovered, and she refused to go on with it. The document lies before us.

The amount she had agreed to pay was 4s. each on 2,000 shares, which is £400. In the contract she had agreed to pay an amount not of £400 but of £4,000!

Casting bread on waters

This she did not notice. If an extra nought were added to the number of shares to make it correspond with the amount, she might have been liable for over £3,000 more than she contemplated.

But we pass over the £4,000—perhaps a clerical error due to the palpitating and greedy excitement of Beau Brummel Manning.

The ninety days passed, and the bread did not return upon the waters. And neither did the well-bred "Gipper." But he cabled from New York:—"Leaving. Great news. Don't act. Await my arrival. Manning."

She has not seen him, though this was two months ago. Perhaps he was lost at sea, engulfed in the waves of his own enthusiasm.

She wrote indignantly to the Commonwealth Trading Corporation, and they suavely suggested that apparently she wanted to sell her shares, and told her if she wanted her money at once she would have to make a big sacrifice.

A friend of hers called at the Commonwealth Trading Corporation's City office and, after some difficulty got an interview with the secretary, a Mr. Goddard, who referred the matter to the West End office. A couple of interviews took place there with a gentleman named Tanfield. The lady went there with this friend, who is a colonel in the Army and a member of the Guards' Club. This added greatly, and for Tanfield no doubt unexpectedly, to the flavour of the interview.

Sympathetic and soothing

Tanfield, who was luxurious in his surroundings, was sympathetic and soothing, and told her that it would be all right if she held on. Then, changing the subject as abruptly as a dictionary, he asked the colonel if he could get him a house, which he said he would visit in his Rolls-Royce car.

The colonel renewed the attack. Tanfield said that he was a rich man, and held 100,000 of these shares. "Do you believe," said the colonel, "that these shares are as valuable as you say, and will shortly double in worth?"

"I do," said Tanfield.

"Then," said the colonel, "you are rich, this lady is poor, help her and do a good stroke of business yourself by buying her shares."

Tanfield said he couldn't, because, at the moment, he thought the shares—which are not listed here or in Canada—were temporarily depressed from a dollar to forty-five cents each!

"Give her forty-five cents for them," said the colonel, anxious to save anything from the wreck. And the rich Tanfield, with his inspiring belief in the future of the fretful Porcupine, ungraciously declined.

Our Special Commissioner called at the offices at 11, Waterloo Place, where a brass plate of the Commonwealth Trading Corporation, Ltd., was on the door, only to be told to seek his information elsewhere.

We criticised this Porcupine ramp when it began over a year ago, and saved thousands of investors from losing their money. But thousands have been caught as this lady was.

Quills from the porcupine

Porcupine circulars are still being broadcast from Throgmorton Street, by the Commonwealth Trading Corporation, Ltd., which is registered in Canada. Its directors are all over there, a long way from the army of duped people here who want justice.

We hope that this article, in which we have only to add that Canadian mining does not recognise the Porcupine Midfield Mines, or approve the methods of the people who run it, may save many thousands more from a palpable, scandalous and impudent attempt to filch their money.

Pinkham's Pink 'un

The Octopus Killer

EVERY age has its Jack-the-Giant-Killers. Prominent among our present-day heroes is Mr. W. Pinkham, and the ogre he is out to vanquish is the Multiple Shop.

He differs in certain respects from the original gallant Cornishman, in that he wants a certain amount of assistance, mainly financial, before he strikes them pinkham.

In return for the guineas he will, however, protect many thousands of local shopkeepers from the menace of the "Octopus," as he terms the enemy.

All the shopkeepers have to do is to join the Local Traders' Preservation and Development Association, 22, Gray's Inn Road, paying an initial fee of £1 1s., and thereafter a monthly "refresher" of 2s. 6d.

Splendid Opportunity

In return they will be provided with a "publicity campaign on a grand scale," inducing housewives not to be so foolish as to travel up to town for the bargains of the big stores, but to "shop locally," thereby saving fares, time, and money on the purchases.

As a sideline, they will be provided with leaflets to be distributed among customers, setting forth the dreadful evils of the "Octopus." One of these, appropriately printed on pink, draws a moral from the old story of the spider and the fly.

"Cannot the operations of these combines be restricted?" says Pinkham's pink 'un. "Of course they can. By the simple process of dealing with your local tradespeople the activities of the money-spiders are curtailed . . . and the shopper can . . . 'get a run for his money.'"

It does not add that the shopkeeper may get a run after his money, but this, in effect, is likely to be the case, if any subscriber has the same experience as ourselves in calling at the Gray's Inn Road address.

Pinkham has set out on a quest for new giants, having left an irate staff who are more anxious to find him even than those who were induced to join the L.T.P.D.A.

Literary Efforts

Included in the scheme was the publication of a monthly review, a "dummy" copy of which provides interesting reading. Under "Information Bureau," for example, there is a paragraph in alleged reply to a Maidenhead inquirer that "muffs are supposed to be out of fashion, but during our peregrinations in the West End we noticed many being worn."

It does not mention that a muff is supposed to be born every minute, although it claims in a leading article that the object of the journal is to "consolidate the efforts of the already large number of traders who have wisely recognised the advantages of membership."

There is always room for improvement in business methods, but this at least fell short of success.

Torn from Her Child

A tragedy of poverty

WHEN people of good position, happy in their home surroundings, pursuing the even tenor of their sheltered lives, meet with a misfortune, and it becomes necessary for them to protect one of their children in some emergency, their case naturally invokes the sympathy of all generous minds.

It may be that the question is one of the mental capacity of the child, an agonising problem in itself. But the parents have great allies. They have education and social influence and wealth, and they can call in the specialists in law or medicine, or both.

Poor woman's tragic ordeal

But when such misfortune strikes a poor family, the anguish and distress are just the same, but the great allies are missing.

Sarah Smith is a poor widow living at 168, Newmarket Road, Cambridge. She has quite a young boy, and she was summoned for refusing to comply with a requirement of the Borough Education Authority to send the child, alleged to be mentally defective, to a suitable school.

Mrs. Smith could retain no counsel for his defence. She had to listen in the local court while the fate of her child was being decided.

Evidence was given by the lady secretary of the local Welfare Association, who said that year after year she had asked the mother to part with the boy, but she refused—because she had promised her dead husband never to part with him.

The secretary also said that she thought the mother meant well, but was incapable of a sustained effort to keep her children well. A local doctor certified the child as "mentally defective," and as requiring education in a special school.

Mrs. Smith could not contradict the doctor, for she is only a poor widow. She was asked to go into the box. The distraught woman refused, and made her plea from where she stood.

"I am not going to let my child go! I have had to find a home for him, and have had a hard fight. He knows how to do his sums, because my daughter gave him some last night, and he did them all the way through, and has got work to go to when he leaves school."

Weeping for her boy

Against this cry of a good heart was poor law. The child was taken from her, and to-day she weeps for him in the darkness of her afflicted home.

Would she have lost the boy if she had had a trained defence that would have set expert against expert? Ought there not to be some public authority to which appeal can be made in a matter like this, where a mother's breaking heart cries in vain for human help?

THE CONSUMPTION CURE

FORMULA OFFERED TO MEDICAL COUNCIL

Highest in the Land lend Support

EVEN the discovery of the insulin treatment for diabetes caused less stir in medical circles and milder interest among the general public than has the discovery of a treatment for tuberculosis announced fully in the last two issues of JOHN BULL. During the past fortnight we have been inundated by enquiries, both from sufferers from the disease and members of the medical profession.

The discovery was made by Mr. Newell, to whose patient research and self-sacrifice in the interests of humanity all credit is due. The treatment takes the form of a series of injections which have the effect of isolating the germ so that it does not spread to unaffected parts. The germ is then destroyed, the cavities healed and a complete cure effected.

This treatment has been subjected to a year's test by four London doctors, who have treated the worst of the cases in an East End clinic. Of the 100 cases treated there have been 95 per cent. of cures, some of them being nothing less than miraculous.

Motor hospitals

As a result of our two recent articles—based on exhaustive investigation conducted by a representative of this journal—eleven of the highest ladies in the land, including a marchioness, the wives of two members of the House of Lords, and the wife of a Cabinet Minister, have interested themselves in the matter.

It is being arranged that, in order to make the treatment accessible to all, a small fleet of travelling clinics shall visit every part of Great Britain. These motor hospitals will so cover the country that patients can be treated every week. Towards the cost of this service the eleven ladies referred to have each donated £250.

Meanwhile, every day brings additions to the number of doctors who are seeking to use the new cure for their patients. County and borough sanatoria have made applications for supplies, and in various parts of the country the treatment is now obtainable.

In view of the readiness of the medical profession to use the treatment, and the eagerness of sufferers to test its efficacy, the time is now opportune for taking the next necessary step in the matter. The board of medical men who have been attending to the test cases in London has decided to *place the formula itself in the hands of the General Medical Council, so that every doctor in the land can be in a position to offer the treatment to his patients.*

Opening the door

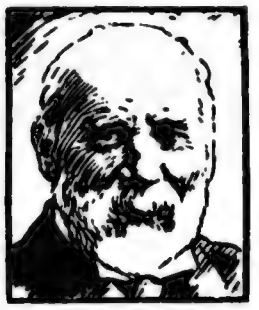
Sir Donald Macalister, the President of the Council, has, therefore, been approached to this effect. All that the board asks is that the preparation shall be given an adequate test, and if this satisfies the Council the medicament will then be obtainable by every qualified medical man in the country. We hope to be able to state next week that this frank offer has been accepted by the Council, who will then be free of the charge of apathy.

While people are dying every day from the scourge we shall not cease to urge both the Council and the Ministry of Health to leave no stone unturned to ensure that the Newell treatment is given exhaustive tests.

Officialdom on trial

At present the slow-moving machine of officialdom is showing very little signs of action in this matter. The offer of the board and Mr. Newell really places officialdom on its trial.

It is significant that while this country hesitates, Germany is taking rapid steps to prevent the people of that country dying of the disease. The demand from Germany for the new preparation is staggering, and so insistent has been the call for assistance that two members of the board have had to leave London for Berlin at an hour's notice with large supplies. It has been found necessary to open special laboratories there for the manufacture of the preparation.



Sir Donald Macalister, Bt.

While British officialdom hesitates British sufferers are dying, and so JOHN BULL is determined to act for the sake of the sufferers, even if, in so doing, it offends the official class. We have accordingly made arrangements to assist the board to increase its facilities for dealing with patients. A new clinic will be opened in London, with our assistance, and already another hundred patients can be dealt with. This number will reach a thousand in the course of the next few days, and by the end of April, when the travelling clinics are in operation, at least twenty thousand patients can be treated each week.

The medical board has consented to give treatment to patients through this journal. Those desirous of taking advantage of the facilities offered, no matter where they live, must write to this office, giving the name and address of their present doctor, who will hear from the board in due course.

Readers who are consumptive and desire this treatment should write at once, marking the envelope "Medical," and enclosing a stamped (halfpenny) addressed envelope. Once we have brought the doctor and the board into touch with each other we have no more responsibility in the matter—the applicants become patients of their respective doctors.

It should be noted that the doctors can only, at the moment, deal with patients who are not bed-ridden. They claim that their treatment can cure apparently hopeless cases, but it will be obvious that it is physically impossible for a relatively small band of doctors to treat patients who cannot walk. These will be treated by local practitioners when the General Council approves the treatment.

A humane council?

That is the next move in this matter. But we cannot believe that the Council will be so bound with red tape that it will close the door of cure in the face of patients whom it has to admit cannot find any hope for cure in officialdom. Until the General Council accepts the treatment a suffering humanity will remain a suffering humanity.

A £1,500 Shock

THE men who make fortunes out of coal are not those who work in the mines, for times are hard in colliery towns to-day—even in Pontypridd, known as the "Coalopolis" of South Wales.

So one might expect the sudden acquisition of the enormous sum of £1,500 almost to stupefy a man earning a bare living under such conditions. Yet Mr. Davies, of 11, Tymawr Road, Hopkinstown, Pontypridd, had nearly recovered from the shock when a JOHN BULL man called at his tiny cottage on the mountainside to congratulate him on securing this gigantic First Prize in our 554th *Bullets* Competition.

"I'm just back from the pit," said the winner, welcoming our representative into his small living-room. "The news of this big win came last night, but I was up at work as usual at six o'clock this morning." The successful effort, Mr. Davies went on to explain, was really the work of his wife, who was at one time a school-mistress. "She and I have been competing jointly for about three months," he said, "and the arrival of a 5s. prize not long ago encouraged us to continue our attacks on the prize-list."

Mrs. Davies had been called away to relatives, but Mr. Davies was able to recall the circumstances in which his wife had thought of her clever *Bullet*—WORLD WE LIVE IN—TOO OFTEN POPULATION ONE—a four-word sermon on selfishness. "I fancy," he said with a smile, "that *I* provided her with the idea for that *Bullet*. It's one of a married man's privileges to be called selfish, though when it brings in a £1,500 prize I don't mind!"

New Feature

NOT for PUBLICATION

Winston in No-Man's-Land
by "CENSOR."

(These illuminating notes are written exclusively for "John Bull." They reveal movements and tendencies that are hidden from the reader of ordinary Parliamentary Reports, and the usual kind of uninformed, inaccurate gossip.)

* * *

THE most important fact to grasp at the moment is that Winston Churchill has been called to heel by Lombard Street. Never in the history of politics has there been so sensational an appointment followed by so sensational a disappointment. The Chancellor is now in the unenviable position of being hated by the Diehards for his treatment of the Services and despised by the Progressives for his kow-towing to finance.

* * *

THE real nominee of high finance is Sir Robert Horne. Watch him. He won't say much just yet, but his occasional interventions in debate will indicate a definite trend of financial policy.

Before leaving for Palestine Lord Balfour said to a friend: "Winston has survived his political wild oats; his father never did." But this only proves that Lord Balfour is not in touch with the House of Commons. Winston's amazingly futile answers to questions about the gold standard were simply stuck in his mouth by the Permanent Secretary to the Treasury.

* * *

IN any case, whether he likes it or not, the Chancellor will have to provide for the Supplementary Estimates which will be forced on the House for the Air arm some time this year. Ministers are seriously disquieted by news of foreign programmes, which, if not copied, will place this country in the position of a fifth-rate Power.

The entire Press of Great Britain has singularly failed to grasp the fact that the present Socialist and Liberal opposition to armaments is academic. The Socialists will not object to programmes that relieve unemployment, and the Liberals won't fuss about programmes that mean dividends. If the Singapore dock were on the Clyde, there would be nothing for Mr. Macdonald to say—or Mr. Runciman either.

* * *

WHICH reminds me that these two gentlemen (and many others) pretend to be very agitated over the Security Pacts. I can put the whole difficulty in a couple of phrases. Germany must have her Eastern frontier rectified if she is to pay good dividends to British and American financiers. But France sees that ability to pay dividends means industrial health, which also means equipment for war. The problem is causing Mr. Chamberlain sleepless nights.

* * *

INSOMNIA, however, is not troubling the other members of the Cabinet, who are hugging themselves over the splits in the Labour Party. The extremists among the latter are out for the trustification of the Trades Unions, and they are more than ever suspect by the realists, whose spiritual leader is Maxton—no longer Wheatley.

* * *

YOU may have observed that Mr. Cook is singing a little smaller. This is not due to pressure from above, but advice from below. He has been told that it is better to let Thomas and Co. get top-heavy than to push them over!

* * *

WHICH accounts for the fact that the official leaders of the Opposition are going canny just now. When in a hole they put up Sir Henry Slesser to say as little as he can in as many words as possible. He seldom fails to maintain his Party's balance on the fence.

The Sentence of the Court

JIX IN A FIX

Waits and Measures
by HARRISON OWEN

CHARGED with obtaining votes by false pretences, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, Home Secretary for the time being, member of the House of Laymen in his spare time, and a baronet all the time, pleaded "Not guilty."

* * *

"We usually associate 'hics' with the breaking rather than the keeping of a pledge," began Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "and this Hicks is one of the great army of backsliders. During the election a definite promise was given by Mr. Baldwin that a new Factory and Workshop Bill would be passed. Mr. Bridgeman was about to introduce such a Bill when the last Tory Government was defeated, and Mr. Henderson was about to bring in practically the same measure when the Labour Government perished. The pick-and-shovel work having been done by his predecessors, the accused had a simple task, yet he says he must have time for further brooding before the Bill can be 'laid' on the table of the House.

"THE chief object of this delay would seem to be to permit of the Bill prepared by the last Tory Government being emasculated, for the accused announces that, as our manufacturers have to face keen competition, he must not do anything that might raise the cost of production. This excuse has not even the merit of being a sound one from the profit-making viewpoint. No nation can buy prosperity at bargain rates by treating its workpeople as remnants. Enlightened employers know that good working conditions bring increased dividends, but in some quarters there is still a shocking waste of human material, due to bad air, bad lighting and inadequate safeguards against accident. This long-promised measure affects 6,000,000 Britons, and no amount of Joynsonian bonhomie will prevent the electors writing *Hicks jacet* as the political epitaph of one who appears to take the attitude that unredeemed pledges are a legitimate part of the stock-in-trade of the Parliamentary pawnshop."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER urged that promises made in hot blood during an election were liable to be revised in cold blood, and Bills issued on the hustings were subject to heavy discount. Where election pledges were concerned, it was never too late to amend; but Sir William hoped to present his very own Factory Bill next year.

* * *

"If this oft-postponed piece of legislation does come to pass next year," said Mr. Justice Bull, "it will certainly be a great 'wait' off the public mind; but the electors are entitled to demand a shorter wait and a fuller measure than is promised by this weary William.

"If the health of mere workpeople, many of whom were probably guilty of the unforgiveable crime of voting Labour, fails to move him, it may induce speedier movement if I tell the prisoner that employers are heartily sick of the present chaotic factory legislation, under which they must try to carry out the variegated rules embodied in nine separate Acts and umpteen statutory orders.

When I contemplate this muddle, and know that Sir William has made no attempt to clear it up, I am in doubt as to whether I should regard him as being representative of our Barts or more typical of our Guys.

* * *

"The sentence of the Court is that prisoner be deprived of his hyphen until he shows sufficient 'dash' to put a 'full stop' to dangerous and unhealthy factory conditions."

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

"It seems a crime that 'Summer Time'
Should ever have begun!
Our rule's defied completely!" cried
The Father to the "sun."

John sweats and frets but never gets
A cent out of the soil,
Yet tho' no luck he's ever struck
The other chap's "struck oil."

There's something hot inside that pot—
It cannot all be froth;
But some declare from want of care
The "Cook" will spoil the broth.

A pugilist's are useful fists,
For when he's finished fighting,
He takes a pen and there and then
Adopts the art of writing.

The Great Land Ramp

WE buy the land for the road at a fancy price, pay inflated prices for materials, and allow landlords to go off with the profits. So says our contributor, who declares the remedy is the freeing of the land

by **The Rt. Hon. JOSIAH C. WEDGWOOD, D.S.O., M.P.**

RECENTLY the House of Commons assembled for a gentlemanly debate on the matter of allotment gardening. One after another good landlords got up and, placing hand on heart, averred that they loved the working man, contented, happy, smiling, and working. They were even prepared to let him have little bits of land to work on—at a price. It was one of those charming idylls when the House of Commons is seen at its best. One vulgar Labour man, it is true, said he thought the working man had much better be discontented till he got justice. But this was felt to be in bad taste—a jarring note.

It slipped out, however, that more than half the allotmenteers got their allotments from generous private landlords, and that all the man with the spade had to pay was 9d. a rod for a chance to dig for a year. Ninepence a rod works out at £6 an acre; and the same gentleman who made this trifling charge was asking his large farmers to pay £1 an acre for similar land.

So the small man, whom we love to see happy, contented and working hard, is to pay six times as much as the great farmer. It makes the "blighter" work hard, you know, and that is good for his morals, and he will not have time to read what Sir Ellis Hume-Williams and Sir Edward Marshall Hall think of hard-working Army gentlemen.

Krüger gave them work

Of course if we really wanted to "get a move on" and to double the number of spademen producing their own potatoes, then the simplest way to go to work would be to make it easier to get land to use. That would mean cheapening land, reducing rents—even letting men have a bit free if it was not being used already.

There are 1,190,000 allotments already, covering about 120,000 acres. There are tens of thousands of people who are begging for allotments, even at the present price. There are also just about 1,190,000 unfortunates unavoidably idle and out of work. How strange a coincidence.

Our late lamented friend, President Paul Krüger, faced with the same problem, finding a lot of poor "whites" accumulating with nothing to do, just did it. He gave each of them about two acres on the outskirts of each of the Transvaal towns. There they could squat and work. Bela Kun, the communist "boss" of Hungary, had the same idea when faced with nearly a million unemployed in Budapest. But, being a Jew, and a more learned man than Oom Paul, the unemployed placed on the suburban lands were to pay a land-value rent to the State for the privilege of being allowed to work. Then the "whites" arose and washed out Bela Kun and his revolutionary ideas.

A snow-ball curse

The lords of the land cannot have it both ways. Either they can preserve our beautiful wonderland to look at, and pay "the dole," or they can let us use this wonderland and make it really ours. Every unemployed man who is allowed to "get at it," and do a bit of work on the land, must always give a chance of work to others as well. The others will be wanted to finish the job, and to sell and distribute the goods. Even if he only digs a bit of food for his own family, others will be wanted to work to find him in tools and manure and seed and the wood for a hut or greenhouse. One curse of unemployment is that it piles up like a snowball. Out-of-works go without the things others would like to make for them.

Of course we must not be revolutionary; that would be very wrong and quite unlike the practice of a constitutional, respectable Parliamentary Labour Party. But we do want land cheaper; we do want people to get it to use on easier terms. We do not see why lords of the land should charge blackmail for the permit to use the earth. £6 per acre, or £10 as it more often is, is too much.

Golders Green's golden greens

Bricks make houses; why should not people be allowed to make bricks? Land is wanted to put houses on; why should people who want to put up houses be charged £20 an acre for land that only yesterday the big farmer was paying £1 for? We want it cheap, so that men can start work.

The Rt. Hon. Josiah C. Wedgwood, D.S.O., M.P.

Here is what a land company advertises:—"Immense profits have been made from the remarkable rise in freehold values at Golders Green. Land is to-day (1912) worth ten times the price paid a few years ago." Good for the company, and for those who bought a few years ago, but bad business for those who want either to build or to live in a house. And all due to the building of a Tube railway. Where is the sense in allowing a few folk to both secure the plunder and to make it more difficult for workers to get work?

Blackmailing the want-works

The Hendon-Edgware extension was opened on August 18, 1924. It has cost £12,500,000, and cuts through a rural district within seven miles of Marble Arch. But the *Times* tells us that, even on July 27, 1922, "Edgware building land will be offered in lots of from twelve to eighty-three acres, freehold, without restrictions. . . . The sale seems to afford an opportunity to investors to participate in the great rise in site values which is certain to happen through railway developments at Edgware." It has happened.

Discussing the proposed new Embankment on the south side of the Thames, Captain Swinton tells us that "Such a development of this section of South London, lying between Westminster and Blackfriars, would increase the value of property five times." One can hear the landlords cheering; but what about the public? The L.C.C. will do it, with public money, and then more blackmail for those who want to work, and higher rents for those who want to live.

The L.C.C. have not done that job yet, but all over England we are building new roads, a grand development of other people's property. We buy the land for the road at a fancy price, get the unemployed to work at last, pay fancy prices for the road material to the quarry-owners, and when the road is built the lords of the adjoining land go off to Monte Carlo with the profits. Houses and factories can spring up alongside the road, if those who want to work will pay the enhanced price. If they won't or can't, then they can go without.

When I left the Liberal Party, because they "ratted" on the land question, and joined Labour, I thought that, for this reason and for other good and sufficient reasons, my constituents would dispense with my further services. So I looked round for a pleasant spot whereon to spend peaceful autumn years, cultivating cabbages and becoming a cabbage. I hit on Peacehaven on the Sussex coast, and bought a patch of land. The land was worth nothing on earth. I paid a handsome price for the fresh air, and the view of the Channel, and the ships upon the sea.

Then my constituents decided to make the best of a bad job and re-elected me. Peacehaven was not for me. I sold. I had never been near the place. I had not turned a sod or laid a brick or paid a rate—but others had. Houses were springing up, roads were made; I think there was a bandstand. So I sold at a nice little profit of £50.

The old folk at home

I have a conscience, and I presented the ill-gotten gains to my constituents. They had been making one of these expensive new roads, nearly bankrupting themselves in the effort. Real estate was booming alongside the road, So I earmarked the gift for seats along the road, with a little label on each. The old folk who sit on the seats are invited to watch land value rising across the way.

Land value is what the public makes it. Labour is going to have that value for the public. It is monstrous that there should be idle land when there are idle men, but it is even worse that the price to be paid for idle land should be increased by the ratepayers, while the owners actually escape paying any rates in respect of that land. We propose that they should pay rates and taxes upon their land value, whether they use it or not. That will fulfil the double purpose of getting back the value for the public, and of making all land cheaper.

The lords of the land will want to get out when they find that it no longer pays to keep men and land idle. They will throw in their hands, the bottom will drop out of the land market, and those who want to use it will get it cheap. Then, sooner or later, the user, paying rates and taxes to the State, will become the State tenant, secure in his tenure, a free man

Liberty by instalments

Those Parties who went before—Protestants. Puritans, Whigs, and Liberals—got for this old country a good slice of liberty. After many years they won religious freedom, freedom of the Press, political freedom, even freedom to trade and exchange goods freely. But they left it to Labour to get the last helping of liberty. We still lack liberty to work, to produce what we want, to escape from masters and wage-slavery. The freedom of man depends on the freeing of land. No man shall maintain a monopoly of Nature. It may be a new view; but it is John Bull's old fight all the same—just freedom.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., House of Commons.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—I am surprised that in the middle of a busy Parliamentary session you have allowed two of your principal Ministers to run off to Mesopotamia. Nor can I see the slightest justification for debiting the poor taxpayer with the cost of their Oriental tour. The proper place for Cabinet Ministers is at home attending to the business of the nation, and holidays should be taken at their own expense.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir ARCHIBALD BODKIN, K.C., Director of Public Prosecutions.

SIR,—For fear that the public may think that there is one legal code, as well as one moral code, for the rich and another for the poor, you must take action in regard to the result of the Wilson-Barker case. The judge has decreed that Lady Wilson-Barker must refund £12,750 to which she had no right. This can only mean that the money was obtained by false pretences, an offence that involves a criminal charge. While poor men are sent to jail for "stealing by finding" it would be a travesty of justice to deal leniently with a titled lady for a crime that was achieved by such foul methods as the one referred to.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. P. LAMBERT, The Vicarage, Maidstone.

SIR,—You are a disgrace to your profession. Learning that Millie Eldridge, a dead girl of sixteen, had never been baptised—an omission for which she was not responsible—you refused to perform the burial service and kept her body waiting, and her sorrowing friends distraught, at the cemetery gates while the undertaker found a friendly, but unordained, man with sufficient Christianity to undertake it. In spite of the fact that this dead girl was popular and a member of various religious organisations, you withheld any sympathy for the bereaved. You may be a constitutionalist, but you are not a Christian.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P., House of Commons.

DEAR SIR,—I see you are anxious about the possibility of a new Triple Alliance. So am I. I share your view that to have, on the one hand, a great block of trade unions, and, on the other, a stone wall of masters' federations, is death to all hopes of industrial peace and re-establishment of national prosperity. I shall therefore be pleased to note in the speeches of yourself and your colleagues a more conciliatory note. Only by sounding that note can you secure that union of reason with public opinion that you hope for.

JOHN BULL.

To GERALD DODSON, Esq., Treasury Counsel, Old Bailey.

SIR,—In the course of your duty as Counsel for the Crown you recently prosecuted a demented creature charged with the attempted murder of her child. The family, it appears, had had to live in a single room in a slum, infested with mice and vermin. The learned judge thought this terrible experience had preyed on the woman's mind and postponed sentence till the next sessions. Meanwhile, no doubt you will report the facts to the high quarter from which your instructions were derived. There is a plain inference to be drawn.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. A. E. KENNARD, Park Crescent, Harley Street.

SIR,—The Gilbertian quarrel between yourself and the brothers Anstice has ended in the true spirit of farce by all parties withdrawing unconditionally and shaking hands "warmly" before the magistrates. The action ought never to have been brought. For a doctor to engage in a row over possession of a corner seat in a railway carriage does not add to the dignity of his profession. Next time you are angry shake hands first.

JOHN BULL.

To PETHICK LAWRENCE, M.P., House of Commons.

SIR,—Your little Bill to curtail the use of private motor-cars at election times deserved a better fate. There can be no doubt that the unrestricted employment of loaned vehicles for carrying voters to the poll gives an unfair advantage to wealthy candidates, and in the interests of fairness I should like to have seen your Bill carried. Better luck next time.

JOHN BULL.

To Colonel G. R. LANE-FOX, M.P., Secretary for Mines.

SIR,—The facts and figures produced in the House of Commons last week make it abundantly clear that there has been a vast amount of profiteering in the retail supply of coal. It is your duty to concert measures which will eliminate the wasteful middleman, and permit this essential commodity to be sold at a price which bears a fairer relation to the cost of production. The present extortion presses with cruel hardship upon the poorest of the poor.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. THOMAS KENDALL, Torrington Place, Plymouth.

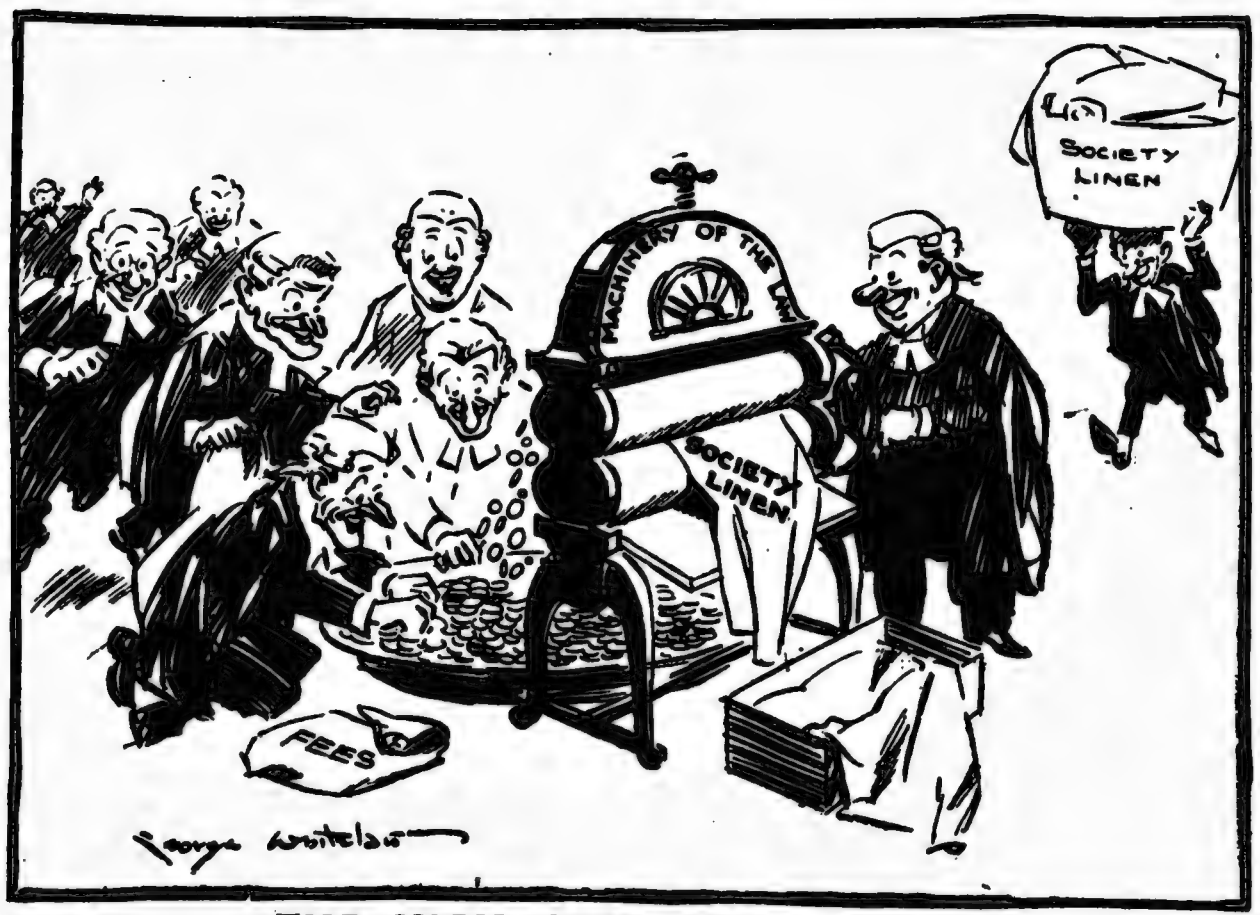
REV. SIR,—Although a long list of your alleged troubles has been paraded in the Bankruptcy Court I cannot for the life of me see that you are entitled to sympathy. It would appear that for years past you have been betting, drinking, and living a life of luxury. Yet all the time you have been a professional follower of Him Who "had not where to lay His head." Try to behave in the future in a manner befitting the vocation of a Christian minister.

JOHN BULL.

To Alderman PERCIVAL BOWER, Lord Mayor of Birmingham.

MY LORD MAYOR,—I send you my congratulations upon the success of Birmingham's latest effort to help unemployed. A cheque for £1,000 is a splendid sum to result from a simple gas-guessing competition. At the same time, I share your disgust that local traders have placed so many difficulties in the way. Are they blind that they cannot see how money, given to relieve distress, is bound to circulate in the purchase of necessities? It will be a pity if any of it goes back to the pockets of the hinderers.

JOHN BULL.



THE HIGH COST OF WASHING!

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. G. BUCHANAN, M.P.: "I always find myself in a minority."

And always will until you substitute persuasion for violence.

MR. A. J. COOK: "I hate strikes . . . and try to prevent them."

You'll succeed better if you drop the spirit of antagonism that provokes them.

LORD EMMOTT: "Democracy must understand or perish."

Then remember that Democracy always follows its leaders.

R. C. WALLHEAD, M.P.: "Germany is the economic mistress of the world."

The utterance of a man who admires every country but his own.

Sir JOHN SALMOND:—"Air war is not humane, but is quick and efficient."

Don't gloat. It is already too efficient to be sane.

Dr. CECIL WEBB-JOHNSON:—"I should be the last to deny a man his soothing cigarette, but women should not smoke."

Arbitrary nonsense laughed out of court decades ago.

Sir JOHN SIMON:—"Only Liberals can fight the question of economy."

Dangerous doctrine. Where chaos reigns men of good-will in all Parties must unite.

Without Fear or Favour

SLAVES IN BLACK COATS

Oil in Irak

WE have always maintained that the smear of oil was over the whole of the Mesopotamian muddle.

And we were right.

Behind the simple statement that "the Irak Government has signed a convention for the exploitation of oil in its territory for seventy-five years with the Turkish Petroleum Company" lies one of the most ominous moves in the whole diplomatic game.

The people of this country ought to know just what this "Turkish Petroleum Company" is. The one thing it certainly is not, is Turkish.

The Anglo-Persian Oil Company owns one-fourth of it—and the British Government own a majority of its shares.

One-fourth is owned by the Royal-Dutch-Shell group, a company that is again half British.

The third fourth is owned by seven American oil companies, among which is Standard Oil.

The final fourth is divided among sixty-seven French oil companies. Such is the "Turkish Petroleum Company"!

It is a very nice arrangement—for the oil companies. It is not quite so nice for the British taxpayer.

The next war—if the peoples of Europe are ever again mad enough to let their rulers lead them to destruction—will be fought for oil.

Where there is oil there is danger: *and there are vast unexploited oil-fields in Irak.*

We have no mind to see the British soldier pay with his blood for the petrol that will presently flow from the oil-wells of Irak.

We have had enough of Mesopotamia. Let us clear out—if it is not already too late.

Costly Washing

THE unpleasant Dennistoun case, with its amazing picture of life, though certainly not of typical life, in society, has cost forty thousand pounds. The Russell case cost as much, the antique furniture case nearly as much, while certain big commercial actions have cost two and even three times this amount.

A great part of the expense is due to the fees of counsel, and the amount of these in turn depends largely on the length of the case.

Would any serious loss be incurred to public interest if the judges restricted the wide latitude allowed to counsel or to garrulous witnesses? These sensational cases suggest to poor people that justice is so costly that the poor could never afford, in their own troubles, to get it. The dissemination of such an idea is against public policy.

The Bar Council could help. If it agreed that a fixed fee should be the accepted arrangement, there would be no more "refreshers," and no temptation to any counsel to prolong the agony. Certainly the great giants of the past at the Bar got nothing like the fortunes won by prominent counsel to-day, often by losing a few *causes célèbres*.

Sweated Workers the State Neglects

SHOP-ASSISTANTS are working sixty hours a week for a bare existence, whilst big firms are declaring dividends of 15 to 50 per cent.! Meanwhile the Minister of Labour does nothing

A LOUD and bitter cry is going up from shop assistants, clerks, porters, warehouse-workers and others employed in what are called the distributive trades for the establishment of trade boards to prevent the "sweating" which is rampant behind shop-counters from one end of the land to the other.

Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, Minister for Labour.

Already scores of trades have been brought under the minimum wage system by the establishment of trade boards. But still most of the shop-keeping class go free.

Dairymen and grocers, it is true, have trade boards—but the grocers' board might as well be non-existent since it has never yet been made to function.

And in the trades where there is no controlling trade board there is "sweating" on the one hand and "profiteering" on the other. But nothing is done by the Government to check either.

Yet the machinery to do what is necessary exists. It is in the hands of the Minister of Labour, Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, M.P. The Trade Board Acts of 1909 and 1918 are an accomplished fact.

By a mere stroke of the pen the reigning Minister of Labour can make an Order under them, applying the compulsory minimum wage system to any branch of industry. Why does not Sir Arthur act?

THE matter is urgent. In the grocery trade there are hundreds of adult assistants working for 37s. 6d. a week—a week of fifty-three hours, exclusive of meal-times. Women over twenty-one years of age, many hundreds of them, are sweating through this same long week for 24s. 6d.

The indifference of the Ministry of Labour to this state of affairs is not easy to understand.

As long ago as 1921 the Cave Committee urged the setting up of district wages boards for the retail shop-keeping trades. It has not been done.

Meanwhile the fifty-six, fifty-eight and sixty-hour week is common for shop-hands, while the barest pittances are paid as wages by great firms declaring dividends of anything between 15 and 50 per cent.!

The Royal Commission, solemnly sitting to enquire into the cost of food, seems never to have heard of the existence of price maintenance organisations, such as the various Proprietary Articles Associations. These bodies exist simply and solely to keep up prices.

If the Commission were to summon some of these organisations in grocery, greengrocery and bakery to appear before them, and insist on their being subjected to cross-examination, some astounding facts would be brought to light.

LOOK at the greengrocery ramp. Although the price of fruit in many shops is prohibitive, the growers in many cases are getting next to nothing for their produce. At Evesham fresh fruit of good quality has recently been sold at a half-penny a pound.

It is not the grower but the middleman and the retail shopkeeper who are reaping the unearned increment of swollen profit, while wages are paid which often fall below the level of decency.

Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland said last December that the Government "adhered to the principle that the grave evil of sweating must be prevented," and that this excellent principle could be enforced by himself without new legislation. Why, then, does he not do it?

The truth is that the Government has decided upon a policy of do-nothing with regard to both evils. But the public is alive to the fact that profiteering and sweating are stable companions.

The British public believes in fair prices and fair wages, and expects the Government to put its high-sounding principles into practice without further delay.

"Adoption" Scandals

IS it nobody's business to stop the scandal of the traffic in babies, who are "adopted" and "hired" to make big profits for scheming adventurers?

A few weeks ago a married couple advertised their willingness to adopt a little girl. Upon looking into this, it was found that the advertisers were living in rooms with the man's parents, and that they already had two children.

They calmly stated that the fee they wanted for adopting the child was £160, which would enable them to buy a house!

A typical case comes from the North of England. The N.S.P.C.C. heard that some children were undergoing shocking treatment in a certain house and made enquiries. A dishevelled woman, who was found in possession, at first denied that there were any children there at all, but later admitted she had lied, and the officer entered the house.

The inspector looked upon a dreadful scene. One baby, not a year old, was covered with sores and was verminous; another child, which looked like a skeleton, was lying on a dirty egg-box, surrounded by filth and garbage, and several other children in the house were in a similarly bad condition. The old hag admitted that she had obtained lump sums with some of these mites.

Thousands of pounds change hands weekly in this shameful traffic in babies, and an uncontrollable position will arise if Parliament does not tackle the grave problem with frankness and expedition.

A duty is also imposed upon the police, who know of cases where women work on an organised scale in adopting children, and leaving them stranded at "accommodation" addresses when the money has been paid over.

Bait!

IN investigating the *bona fides* of firms about whom we receive complaints, we frequently find such firms putting on their notepaper the legend "Government contractors."

We use the wold "legend" advisedly, for no Government would entrust even the smallest contract to such firms.

"Government contractors" is merely the sprat with which to catch the mackerel, for does it not imply that the firm's credit is sound?

Before a firm is entitled to put the Royal coat-of-arms on its trading devices it must pass through the hands of a responsible official.

Surely it would be a simple matter to do the same thing with regard to Government contractors?

It should be illegal to use those words on any trading device unless and until the firm in question has satisfied some responsible official.

At present anyone who sells a Government office a box of drawing-pins can call himself a "Government contractor"—and catch mugs. We look to the Government to effect this simple and common-sense reform without delay.

The Stones Cry Out

THE statesmen of Europe so dealt with the assassination of one man that millions were killed and the fabric of human existence shattered. The truest monument to those who died is a Britain free from slavery, poverty, and despair for those who live

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who is President of the War Graves Commission.

IT is a thought as great as any head can hold that this mighty globe swinging round the sun is now circled by British graves—the graves of men, mostly young men, who in the brief space of 1914-1918 fell in the World War.

This chain of death extends from the coast of France to the Mount of Olives. British lads, who had never gone far afield from slum or village street, are now sleeping their last sleep in strange lands far across the sea, where men call upon the name of Mohammed, contemplate the divine serenity of Buddha, study the revelation of Zoroaster, and worship Osiris.

Nearly a million men who spoke our English language and loved our homely English ways, and who were in the flush and dawn of manhood, lie beneath these pious and far-scattered monuments, on which the British nation is spending more than £10,000,000 in order to perpetuate their memory and protect their honoured dust from desecration.

Pause for a moment before these graves of mutilated and slaughtered men, who the other day were our friends and neighbours, our brothers or our children, and consider what is the deepest significance of the stones that mark their resting-place.

Genius and virtue bow their heads

They are monuments to self-sacrifice. They are monuments to patriotism. They are monuments to a sublime courage and a superb sense of duty. The least of the cockney lads who lies in Arabian sands or Flanders clay, and the very worst of the Lancashire and Yorkshire boys who rest by the lakes where Jesus spoke of love, reached in their death the great height of self-sacrifice, to which only duty and courage can lead the human soul. There is not one of those myriad graves above which the greatest genius and the noblest virtue may not fitly bow their heads. Each one is a monument of ultimate splendour.

But I think this chain of death has an even greater significance for those of us who still tarry on this troubled planet. Ask the question how it came there, this tremendous chain of graves stretching across the world like a latitudinal line traced on a map, these thousands and thousands of British cemeteries running like a Milky Way around the whole globe: what was the cause of such calamitous and multitudinous death?

The work of a single bullet

The answer bewilders the brain of any honest or sensible man. A single bullet fired by a political fanatic into the body of an Austrian Archduke brought the whole structure of Christian civilisation crashing to the ground, and buried all these British youths under its ruins. That was the cause of the war.

Do not look any further. Do not say that in any case the war must have come. Do not say that the real cause of the war was economic, and that the pressure of population in Germany rendered it inevitable. The matter with which the statesmen of Europe had to deal was the assassination of an Archduke, and they so dealt with this one matter that the result was a world war, the collapse of Christian civilisation, a reversion to an extremity of barbarism, and over all Europe for years afterwards the shadow of economic bankruptcy.

What incompetence! These men, who profess to know how the affairs of humanity should be handled, so handled the assassination of one man that millions were killed as a consequence, many millions mutilated, and the entire fabric of organised human existence was shattered to its base.

Incompetent statesmanship

These graves, then, are a monument to incompetence. They remind us that the highest wisdom is necessary to the management of human life, and that the consequences of a single blunder may be as infinite as the stars in heaven. And these graves are also a reproof. They remind us that our British dead laid down their lives for a purpose. These stones cry out to our rulers asking what they are doing to see that this great purpose is attained.

If our statesmanship can achieve only a dead monument for those who now live in other worlds, and can do nothing for those who bore the same awful burden and still survive—but hungry, workless, and dispirited—how great is its incompetence.

Our first duty, absolutely the first, is to those who live. Right and proper is it that the dead should be honoured; but the dead are in other hands than ours; it is only the cast-off garment of the flesh that they have left behind. If they look down upon this world from other stars, and see that great chain of death stretching across the world, while more than a million who carried the same cross as they carried are in want and broken-hearted at their country's neglect, will they be satisfied, will they feel that we have truly and worthily honoured their memories, will they not marvel at our blindness and hardness of heart?

The beautiful flowers which are planted on those graves have a significance which I should be the last to underrate: but what is the significance of the tattered garments, the empty grate, the heavy heart, and the idle hands of men who stood shoulder to shoulder with the dead to save British freedom, and are now like beggars on the highway or like paupers in the workhouse? Have these things no significance for our statesmen, and no reproof for the national conscience? They are more real than any cross of stone, more eloquent than any words carved in marble, however splendid or pathetic.

Is our statesmanship so utterly and disastrously incompetent that while trade is at a standstill and grave anxiety walks in all our ways, it can do nothing to bring the shoulders of these brave men to the wheel of national existence, not merely as a charity, but to save us all from ruin?

Cannot those who rule us see that the truest monument we can erect to the dead is in the hearts of the living, and that the only end for which they died, and the only achievement which can satisfy their souls, is a Britain free from slavery and free also from the shameful ignominy of poverty and despair?

Prussian chain of slavery

It is now nearly seven years since the War came to an end, and all the time our national fortunes have been going from bad to worse. Perhaps they can never be righted until we have done our first duty to those who saved us from a Prussian chain of slavery worse than any death.

THE SHARK o

Captains know that card-sharpers are on their ships, but seem powerless to act.

A RECENT sensational case of card-sharping on an Atlantic liner has once more revived the suggestion that "something ought to be done about it." This suggestion recurs as regularly as the flowers that bloom in the spring, but nothing ever comes of it.

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, President of the Board of Trade, whose attention is called to this scandal of the high seas.

Every experienced traveller knows that pirates, male and female, are included amongst the passengers on nearly every ship that sails the ocean. I myself have been flattered with their attentions on many journeys. I have known a woman of the species to strip a boy, just starting out from home to begin his career in Canada, of every penny he possessed.

Let me give another instance from my personal experience. A man with whom I made acquaintance on a journey to New York told me on deck one day that he had met some very pleasant fellows in the smoke-room, and had arranged to join them in a game of poker after dinner. He invited me to take a hand. I replied that I never played cards with strangers on board ship, and strongly advised him to follow my example. He laughed and assured me that "these chaps were quite all right."

Next morning he came to me in great trouble. He had had his little game, and his pleasant new friends had cleaned him out. But he had detected trickery and had contrived to pick up a card which was distinctly marked. He was going to report the circumstances to the captain and asked me to accompany him.

A photo gallery

The captain received the story without any sign of excitement or surprise. In an unperturbed and matter-of-fact way he rang the bell for the steward, and sent for the three "gentlemen" who had taken part in the game. When they arrived, he politely invited them to sit down, and then, turning over the pages of a photograph album which he took from his cupboard, he picked out one picture which he showed to one of them.

"Your photograph, I think, Mr. Smith," he observed. He picked out another and showed it to the second of the "pleasant fellows." "Yours, I think, Mr. Brown?" he remarked. He turned over the rest of the leaves, and addressing the third "gentleman," pointedly remarked, "We don't seem to have got your picture *yet*." He then offered a few crisp comments on the previous evening's proceedings, and concluded with a polite request that the three "gentlemen" would, for the remainder of the voyage, confine

The Fatal Shot

WHEN the British people say quite plainly that the Government shall initiate a programme of all-round disarmament, then Foreign Policy will be under our own control, and not in the hands of military, naval, and diplomatic mandarins

by
A. G. GARDINER

The Rt. Hon. Austen Chamberlain, M.P., Minister for Foreign Affairs.

I AM afraid that the average man when he sees long discussions in the newspapers about Protocols, Pacts and Foreign Policy is apt to turn hurriedly away to the "Sections," the football news and the market prices. I don't blame him. I never read about Pacts, Protocols and Policies for the love of those sacred abstractions. I read about them because I must.

Macaulay said long ago that a broken head in Coldbath Fields was more exciting to a dweller in Coldbath Fields than a pitched battle in India. We are all the same in this respect. A single birth in one's family is more absorbing to us than a plague in Central Africa, and a fire in the next street is more thrilling than an earthquake in Japan. That is how we are made.

It would not matter if the great far-off things did not concern us. But they do. Foreign policy is a bread-and-butter question to us.

And the answer is—

If you are paying a shilling for an ounce of tobacco that you used to get for sixpence, and £8 for a suit of clothes that you used to get for £4; if the shipwright who used to be employed cannot get any work to do; if you are paying 4s. 6d. in the pound in income-tax where you used to pay 1s., and if your wife complains that everything she buys is twice what it was, the answer in every case is Foreign Policy.

You heard one day in June, 1914, that an Austrian Archduke and Archduchess had been shot in a God-forsaken place called Serajevo. You took no notice of the fact because at the moment, perhaps, there was an amusing case in the Law Courts, or Surrey looked like beating Yorkshire, or the St. Leger favourite had got a cold in the head through standing in a draught.

And, anyway, who was the Archduke, and where on earth was Serajevo that you should bother about them? Oh, these foreigners! What a mercy it was we had nothing to do with them and could concentrate on the St. Leger favourite.

Blowing the world to pieces

But that shot in Serajevo was fired at *you*. It killed nearly a million young Britishers. It made hundreds of thousands of widows and orphans. It raised our taxes, paralysed our trade, stopped houses being built and made life harder and more uncertain for everybody. Serajevo sprung a mine that blew up Europe and involved the bricklayer in Battersea, the collier at Tonypandy and the spinner at Oldham in the ruins.

That is why I say that Foreign Policy is the most important, affecting your livelihood, your family and everything about you. You may be indifferent to it, but you can't escape its effects. If you don't control it, it will control you.

But, you ask, quite reasonably, How am I to control Foreign Policy? How am I even to understand Foreign Policy? I am at my own work all day, and in the evening I want to read for my amusement, or go to the cinema, or have a game of bowls or a hand of cards at a club. How can I hope to follow all the intricacies of international relationships? I agree it is difficult. I go farther. It is impossible.

And the newspapers and the statesmen do not help to make it easy or possible. The newspapers, being afraid that if they talk about such dreary subjects you will not buy them, give you your daily dose of Mrs. Dennistoun or Mrs. Robinson and leave you in the dark about the great mines that are being laid in Europe until a shot is fired and it is too late to do anything. Then, they give you great headlines, not to inform your mind, but to blind it with passions. And the statesmen, with their gibberish and their strange talk about Protocols and Pacts, seem to seek to make themselves unintelligible to the plain man. They envelop Foreign Policy in an atmosphere of words that makes the dark thing darker and the mystery more mysterious.

Are we then helpless? Can we do nothing to control or influence events? Must we for ever go on just playing our little games and building our little sand-castles until some tidal wave suddenly rises and sweeps us and our sand-castles away? I do not think so. I do not mean that I think it is possible for you and me to become experts in Foreign Policy.

Pension off the war-mongers

Take the great problem that is being discussed at the present time. What are to be our relations with Europe and the European Powers? Upon the decision in that matter my deepest interests and your deepest interests depend. Three proposals have been put forward: (1) the Treaty of Mutual Assistance; (2) the Protocol; (3) the Pact.

I am not going into the details, or the relative merits. Broadly, the object in each case is the same. It is to construct a system of co-operation against war instead of a competition for war. With that object I am in entire agreement. About the proposals for securing the object I am less confident.

No. 1 was turned down by the MacDonald Government. No. 2 has been turned down by the present Government. No. 3 is now put forward by Mr. Chamberlain.

What is the plain man to say? Or is he to say nothing, have no opinion, accept whatever comes with all its consequences? I think he can say a good deal, and if he says it loud enough and unanimously enough, he can compel attention and govern the current of Foreign Policy.

The people to control

He can say to the statesmen: "We have supped full of the horrors of war and we do not intend to repeat the experience. We want peace and we want disarmament as the means to secure peace. We will recognise no alliance with any Power that commits us to a hostile attitude towards any other Power. We believe in the League of Nations and the application of arbitration to every international issue that arises.

"We want every country included in the League and we demand that our Government shall initiate a programme, not of one-sided disarmament, but of all-round disarmament. If it fails to do this and if it enters into a competition in armaments we shall, when the war comes, repudiate the war and its authors."

The day that a Government realises that the British people say this and mean this, that day Foreign Policy will be under our own control, and not under the control of the military, naval and diplomatic mandarins. If we are to lead Europe into peace, the people must organise against war.

...d the SPRAT

by **ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON** ("Dangle")

themselves to their own state-rooms. When the three swindlers had gone, my friend asked, "But what about my money?" "Ah, there I can't help you," said the captain; "I have exhausted my powers. If you like you can report the case to the New York police when you land, *but if I were you I wouldn't.*" With this cryptic pronouncement the matter ended.

The captain knew all about it; the New York police knew all about it. But nothing could be done. Some such swindle occurs on nearly every voyage—sometimes with tragic consequences—but nothing is done. Is it not nearly time that the shipping and police authorities should put their heads together to get something done?

"Spotting the lady"

The pirates ply their rapacious and cruel trade even nearer home. A young ship's officer, related to me, landed from his ship at Woolwich a week ago, and took train to Lewisham. Three other passengers entered the same compartment. The train had scarcely started when one of them produced a pack of cards and proposed a friendly game. Only one of the others accepted, and these two presently became absorbed in the ancient sport of "spotting the lady." The confederate, of course, proved dazzlingly successful and won quite a lot of money.

Then the shuffler turned to my relative and invited him to try his skill. My young friend explained that he was not betting on it, but selected a card which, as is usual in the preliminary stages of the game, proved to be the right one. The professor professed—also in the usual way—to be amazed by my relative's astuteness, and offered him a five-pound note.

But my friend had been ashore before that day. Instructed by experience, he refused to take the money. This evidently disconcerted the three-card professors. They made sneering remarks, which led to deliberate abuse, which was meant to lead to physical combat, in the course of which my young friend's wallet might have disappeared.

Sharpers in trains

Fortunately for my relative, the fourth passenger, who had entered the compartment at the last moment, was not a member of the gang. That Good Samaritan, as it turned out, knew the card-sharpers by sight. He was aware that the police knew them. He could tell of gangs who regularly infest trains between Tilbury and Fenchurch Street. Their victims lie in slums of many lands.

I recall in my memory's eye the simple lad I met on a boat to Montreal, seeking his fortune in Canada, and remember the wreck made of his life by the tricky courtesan who captured him on the voyage. I wonder what became of him.

Something ought to be done about it. Can nothing be done?

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Inhumanities of the Factory System

BEHIND the mechanical perfections of our factories lurks the grim monster of soulless cruelty, which maims bodies and blights homes

by **Major H. E. CRAWFURD, M.P.**

IN a recent speech in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister, while making for the purposes of his argument a wide survey of the industrial world, drew the particular attention of the listening members to what he called the changing character of industrial relations. It is as well that we should take broad views of these matters.

But anyone who conceives it to be his duty as a citizen to take account of the social system in which he lives must think not only in broad outlines and general principles, but also of the lives and the conditions of men, women and children.

Good government makes happy and contented people; it is the function of government to secure, so far as is possible, the conditions under which people can be both happy and contented.

Even where wages are comparatively high and employment fairly regular, he would be a bold, or an ignorant, man who would say that life, to the weekly wage-earner, offers anything like enough to satisfy a developed human intelligence.

Whistled to work

I call to mind one of those Yorkshire valleys, radiating from a large manufacturing town, where a virile and industrious population, during the last century or more, has gradually built up a great and prosperous industry that helps to serve the needs of the civilised globe.

Each morning, from the narrow and mean streets that cluster round, the whole adult and adolescent population is disgorged, and, to the music of the steam whistle that summons them, clambers up the stony street, till it is engulfed in the noisy clattering rooms of the mill, where for seven or eight hours hundreds of human beings serve the looms.

Back they return in the evening, weary and listless, with little accomplished so far as they are concerned except so many hours of monotonous toil, to earn a weekly wage that with careful management, and in the absence of ill-chance, serves to keep the family in a "reasonable degree of comfort and efficiency," with enough over for an occasional cinema and to see the football match on Saturday.

The industrial worker, even under such comparatively favourable conditions as these, has become too much the inert and habitual slave of machinery. He is not, as he was, a craftsman with the satisfaction of seeing the work of his own creation, fashioned by his own hands, taking shape and growing. He has become mechanical and receptive.

Machinery's slave

Whatever may be his particular employment, this is true; but, in addition, there may be the actual dangers that in some industries add risk to monotony.

The ever-present peril of the mine, the daily, almost hourly, accident in the shunting yard, the slow unseen development of some industrial disease—all these things are part and parcel of the normal round of industry.

To some extent, and happily to an increasing extent, these latter can be, and are, provided against, or, when they occur, compensation is paid—so far as payment of a financial kind can compensate for injury or disfigurement. But the gradual destruction of initiative, the turning of active minds into mechanical, unthinking machines, remains a great problem that demands earnest attention.

And this change has taken place during a period when educational advance has been steady and persistent. We are more and more, for a longer period of years, developing the minds and faculties of our boys and girls, and when they become men and women giving them little or nothing from which their awakened intelligence can receive any sustenance.

This seems to me to be one of the big problems this generation is called upon to face.

How weary to the eye, how entirely lacking in beauty, is the ordinary industrial town, and how very few and far between are the opportunities of using leisure hours in a worthy manner.

Few people whose circumstances are more fortunate have any idea of the amount of really sweated labour that still remains at the present moment.

Major H. E. Crawfurd, M.P.

With trade conditions as they have been since the war these things have become accentuated. Bad trade means a lower level of wages, and as a natural consequence a lower standard of life. Other problems, too, have become more pressing. One of the most difficult to deal with is the fate of the children when they leave school.

The problem of juvenile unemployment is one of the most pressing and baffling of all. The boy leaves school and very often readily finds a job. His parents encourage him to take the first that comes to hand, especially as times are hard. Then in a couple of years, just when he is looking for increased pay, he finds himself unemployed. The years in which, under happier conditions, he should be going through his apprenticeship to a regular occupation he spends in doing nothing at all. There is little wonder that character and ability deteriorate together.

New outlook needed

There is a great need for a new outlook on all these matters. Economic conditions—wages, hours of work, and the rest—are too much the battle-ground of contending factions.

Nobody seems to make it his business to regard the industrial world as an aggregate of human beings capable of advancement and development.

We recognise this implicitly by arranging an educational system which seeks out every hidden faculty and creates an intellectual and moral appetite. We stultify our recognition of it by neglect to alter what is ugly, material, and gross.

Dabbling in Stinks

by **ROBERT NELSON, B.Sc.**

AMID all the recent hasty conferences (termed disarmament!) and their medley plans for the abolition, or making difficult, of future war, with limitation of armaments proposals, not one word have I read concerning the most dangerous and terrible side of the problem—the fruits of the chemical laboratory. A few days ago the Government announced in the House that during the past year over 1,000 animals had been destroyed in Government laboratories during experiments with new chemical forms of warfare.

Horrifying products

While the apparent fear of [illegible] nations is expressed and centred on the increase of seacraft and aircraft, and world-wide discussions take place to point out the danger, and resolutions are passed to the effect that limitation of this most friction-manufacturing and costly method of settling quarrels is the only possible remedy, the question of the horrifying products of the scientists' laboratory in the form of noxious gases is carefully avoided.

Yet in laboratories all over the world the finest brains are being devoted to patient experimenting and developing in connection with this frightful branch of modern warfare. I am not a scaremonger or an undue alarmist, for what I relate consists of real facts. As my occupation in the chemical line brings me into contact with those engaged in the higher branches of the industry, I see and hear things denied to those who move in the ordinary walks of life, and so can write with confidence. This is what is happening.

Whereas the stream of inventive genius and scientific probings was once directed towards the softening and relieving of human suffering, much of it has now been diverted from this natural course to another horrible channel—the secret tests and manufacture of devilish gas concoctions, with the power of causing untold agonies and eventually death, to be inflicted upon an innocent and unsuspecting populace in time of war.

Hellish emulation

America has discovered and perfected a most deadly gas, and we are doing our utmost (and so are France and Germany) to create an even more terrible sample So it goes on, each country trying to outdo the other.

Why is not something done to eliminate or check this cowardly and hellish method of warfare? If the public only had an inkling of these ominous preparations, they would agitate and cause an outcry, and continue to do so until an endeavour was made by their representatives in Parliament to draw attention to the subject, and so cause a debate as to remedies for this evil.

It pays to kill!

I expect many who read this are asking themselves, why do men prostitute their brains by producing such wicked devices against mankind? I will conclude by quoting the reply of a "dabbler in stinks" to whom I put the question. He said, "Well, you see, if I discover a means of, say, curing a disease, I get plenty of honour, but little financial inducement. Now, should I stumble upon the particular form of mixture that I'm striving after, it will revolutionise warfare—and my fortune is made! I can name my own price."

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SHYLOCKS OF INDUSTRY

by **MELBOURNE GARAHAN** *(Author of "Stiffs," "Ship Ahoy," etc.)*

IT is an ironical fact that every time one of the leading financial lights of the City voices a theoretical optimism there follows a practical thunderbolt of pessimism. In the reports of company meetings almost daily there may be found (what one is inclined to suspect as "hot-house" or forced or dutiful) optimism, and almost daily in the columns of the newspapers may be found such practical thunderbolts as the stagnation of inter-Allied debts, an increase in the number of unemployed, shipbuilding orders going abroad, and so on.

We have see-sawed between fatuous optimism and unhealthy pessimism since the War, and although we may display that British grit which *compels* optimism, the nation is getting tired of optimistic prophecy and pessimistic performance, and there is a widening appreciation of the necessity and a growing demand for a thorough investigation of the causes of the country's slow progress towards that peace and prosperity which we were promised as a result of a victorious conclusion of the Great War.

To-day we see employer and employed getting together in conference, and this healthy development must be encouraged. Yet I would dare to say that these conferences will be useless unless the banking and financial houses can be brought to heel.

Money knows no law

It is the spirit which now possesses those who control the financial institutions of the country which is to blame more than any other factor for the country's difficulties. Instead of being the partners of our merchant adventurers they have become money-lenders, pure and simple. Their concern is with interest, and to-day money knows no law but that of the greatest possible return on capital, coupled with absolute security.

Money, in millions, is literally thrown at foreign Governments who offer a high rate of interest and the security of the practical enslavement of their subjects by the mortgaging of the taxes levied upon the very necessities of life. But a British concern which, from the very nature of its business, can only pay a low rate of interest on its fixed charges, and whose security is only that share of the world's trade it will, if assisted, secure for Britain, is a waif howling in the financial wilderness.

Financiers tax production

One would have thought that a sum in simple arithmetic would have stopped this outpouring of money to foreigners. For when we lend money to foreigners what is the actual return? The high interest *less* the cost of the unemployment dole, less a crushing burden of taxation. Yes, expressed in terms of cash. But, expressed in terms of fact, it is the high interest less the impoverishment of the nation as a whole and the destruction of the manhood and productivity of more than a million unemployed.

On the other hand, the return on money used to encourage and develop British industry is the interest *plus* a reduction in the dole, perhaps even its abolition as something no longer necessary, and a reduction in taxation. Once again in cash. But, in fact, it is the interest plus the health of the entire trading community and the recovery of our proud position as the leader of the commercial world.

No fault can be found with the industrial capitalists who have sunk their all in plant and the organisation of trade. They are poorest amongst the victims, requiring help most urgently. It is with the purely financial capitalist that we must deal, those who, while *contributing nothing to the production of wealth*, are enabled, by their wealth and power, to levy a tax upon all production without running any risk.

Unpatriotic wealth

Why is it that this financial wealth has no patriotism? How is it that the soldier gives his life for his country while the financier only lends his money, and that with a high rate of interest and with absolute security?

Melbourne Garahan.

It is because such finance, *being controlled by international financiers*, has no concern with a country, as such. Let Britain perish to-morrow and that wealth would simply move to Germany or whatever nation took our place. While there is human life and trade and a financial system as that now existing there must always be openings for this finance, and the location of the openings is of no concern whatsoever to the financier. He wants only high interest and the best possible security.

Tax income from abroad

Since there is no patriotism to appeal to we must adopt other methods, and Winston Churchill might do worse than consider the balancing of a reduction in the tax on Empire-bred income by a heavy increase in the tax upon all foreign-raised income imported into this country.

TRAMPS GO TO CHURCH

Clothes More than the Man

by **The Hon. WALTER TENNART** *(An eminent Australian statesman now in this country)*

AN exceedingly novel experiment was made by a popular newspaper the other Sunday. Four people—three men and one woman—were sent out, disguised as down-and-out tramps, to four of the principal churches in London. The paper wanted to find out how they would be received.

To anyone interested in the welfare of humanity and the religion of the man in the street, such an experiment held immense possibilities. It could have been proved once and for all that our Church is not the fashionable institution it is said to be, but a wholesome, hearty, come-one-come-all kind of thing. It was a chance for the Church to show that before Christ there is no class distinction.

The results, however, give one seriously to think. These poor beggars were the object of an intense curiosity; in three cases they were received coldly and even hostilely, and only in the fourth instance was there any degree of warmth in the welcome. In one case a fur-clad lady got up and left the church.

The religion of jazz

If anywhere in our relations with one another we should be equal, surely it is in the house of God. We can only continue in these human weaknesses so long as we do not take religion seriously. And that is exactly the position to-day.

We are not taking religion seriously because we are not taking life seriously. This has been called the jazz-age, and—if I understand the term rightly—it is an apt description. It is the jazz age in work, in play, in religion, in emotions.

This "jazz" craze is not confined to one section of the community. The working-man suffers from it just as the millionaire does; the typist is as apathetic as the countess. Nothing seems to matter in life nowadays—nothing seems to be worth while bothering about.

Religion v. *creeds*

Something has gone out of life—and the something is religion. Christ and humanity are only on nodding terms to-day.

No one rejoices more than I do at the passing of the old *sickly* religion that told incredulous men and women about a flaming hell in the hereafter. But no one regrets more the present disregarding of the *real* thing.

Man stands in need of a real religion—a virile, helping, classless religion that makes a man and woman feel better for being alive and keener to make others feel the same way.

To get that the Church must discard its worn-out creeds that mean nothing to millions of people.

There need be no high-falutin' talk about the Almighty. God, as I understand the term, is Life, and the continuance of Life under decent, healthy, moral conditions. God stands for clean living, health, progress, opportunity and fulfilment. Satan is to be found in our slums, in our sweated labour, in our class jealousies, in our oppression of struggling manhood.

Boiled down to these terms, it is easy to see whether God or Satan is in the ascendancy to-day. Our industrial conditions belong to the Dark Ages. Man struggles against man instead of helping him; our houses where little children are supposed to be nourished are a blot on the landscape. If the heart of man were right much of this would be removed. There would be a great "come-together" of all people, all classes. We would realise that while we are on this earth we've got to "buckle to" and make it a place worth living in for everyone. How near do we approach that standard to-day?

This is no vague dream incapable of fulfilment. It is what we are really here to accomplish in this life. It is the religion that man needs—something that will help him materially and spiritually.

Haunted by dread

Instead of industrial squabbles and hopeless conditions we would have a phase of life in which man would not be haunted by that dread that every worker has, but in which he would take his place. There would be room then in our churches for tramps and human derelicts. Workers and employers would see one another differently.

Can you doubt that we stand in need of a new religion to-day?

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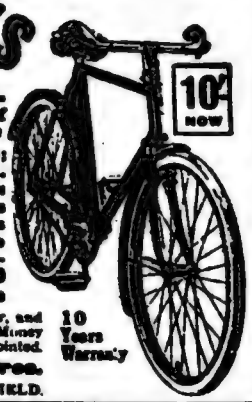

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St. Albans

Words Winged to Women

Youth off the Leash

by
MABEL HORNER

LAST week a mother came to me. She needed help. She was a widow, with a boy of nearly twenty to keep. He was delicate, but in no sense an invalid, but he has never registered for work nor tried to obtain it. He is already well-nigh unemployable.

To me the most tragic feature of the case is the mother's resignation. Resignation in such a case is wrong; resignation over the thousands of boys and girls who, without this youth's excuse of delicacy, are roaming the streets because they want work and cannot find it, is worse than wrong. It is criminal.

Consider the figures. At the present moment we have 68,000 unemployed boys and girls. Would that they could walk steadily past the House where laws are made, two abreast, in one long procession, until something was done.

AS it is we must allow our imagination to stir. Think of these young people facing life, without a trade, without a future, existing on a pittance, running wild—unemployed. Each year, pouring from our elementary schools, come a further 400,000 youngsters of fourteen, who too often push from employment those who have obtained a job, because the youngest are the cheaper.

Is there anything women can do to help remedy this state of affairs? Yes, there is much. I have called at the Government departments to learn about the setting-up of training centres. The first official interviewed was typical of his kind. "What! Training centres for boys and girls who have left school?" he demanded. "Never heard of such a thing. It wouldn't be right. It would be taking responsibility from parents. Anyway, there's nothing of the kind undertaken by a Government department."

Although this gentleman is paid by the Government to answer questions, he had not got the facts. Already thirty-four training centres have been set up by local educational authorities, and where the curriculum is approved by the Government the whole of the cost is granted. But—and here is where mothers may help tremendously — the Government has no power to make attendance at these training centres compulsory unless the student is a recipient of the Government dole.

Mrs. Margaret Wintringham, ex-M.P., who is greatly concerned about juvenile unemployment.

IT will be easily seen that it is just those children, between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, who most need the help and discipline these centres can give. The centres are designed to keep children off the streets. Each day's teaching is complete in itself, so that, should a job offer, the student will not need to break into a prolonged course of training in order to accept it.

Naturally, this is not ideal, but it is a real attempt to prevent young persons who have just left school from falling into evil habits or becoming unemployable through being entirely at a loose end during their most impressionable age. With all the earnest insistence possible mothers must see that their unemployed boys and girls take advantage of these training centres where such are available.

Again, if the town or city where you live has no such training centre, who is to blame? In most municipal elections, as has been frequently pointed out in these pages, women voters are in the majority. Therefore, if women realise the importance to their children of having a live and sympathetic educational authority, they have it in their own power to bring it into being.

MOST of all, we need more women in Parliament, women who have the interests of the boys and girls at heart, and who look upon the problems of childhood from a mother's standpoint. The women we have had at Westminster have done yeoman service in the children's cause, but their numbers have been too few and their time too short. But by-elections come along, and always there are the possibilities in the municipalities.

Women must be much more loyal to their own sex, for only when women occupy the administrative positions in equal proportion to men will children's welfare be fully secured. Meanwhile, we must rouse the country on this question of juvenile unemployment, for not even a great Empire such as is ours can sow this wind without one day reaping a terrible whirlwind.

Find the Father!

by LUCY E. ASHBY, State Registered Nurse

WHERE'S the man? I often wonder. I only saw the girl and the baby. Nurses in maternity hospitals never see the man if he has no legal right to parenthood. He is a coward. He makes you think of snakes and other things that crawl. You feel that you would like to broadcast his baby's first cry—to amplify it on a loud speaker in the saloon-bar where he boasts about his prowess with women.

If he is a "religious" knave, as many a virtue-hunter is, the maternity nurse always longs to place the little mite in his favourite pew.

The ward mirrors the woes of womankind, reflects man's retrogression and prompts her to ask why the innocent victim of illicit love should be made to pay the penalty.

SHE came to the hospital, pretty as a picture, frail as a flower. The time of her tribulation was near. I took her name and address. "Married?" I asked. She looked down and whispered "No." I made a note of the fact, gave her the hospital form, and told her that it must be filled in by some responsible person who would undertake to come for her when the baby was ten days old. "Nobody else will know, nurse?" she questioned. "Nobody," I replied.

A week or so later she came with her fee and her filled-in form, and her trouble. We put her to bed. I noticed her blench when I addressed other patients as "Mrs." She was just "Mary." To the eyes of her fellow mothers-to-be came the look which every unfortunate only too well understands.

Where was the man? "If you will give me his name and address" I said, "we will get into touch with him and perhaps help you." But never a word of information would she give.

Two nights later the great thing happened. I bathed the baby and placed it in a cot by her bed. For a few seconds she gazed at the morsel in wonderment; then, helpless, she sank back, and sleep summoned her to a land of troubled dreams.

ON visiting day came the husbands, but no man came to Mary. She hugged her baby and fought the tears. The wives whispered her story, and the husbands carried it away to their friends. I think some of them were shocked that their babies had been born in such company. Others, more kindly, muttered "Poor devil!" But I didn't hear any enquiries about the man.

On the tenth day after the birth the friend who had undertaken to come for her brought a set of baby clothes, and I dressed the infant in them. Mary bade the ward good-bye.

She thanked us for what we had been able to do for her, and I handed her her child and wished her well. At the door she stopped; for the first time she seemed to really appreciate her position. She was going out into the world—an unmarried mother.

SO she passed. Others like her came and passed also, with the tiny fruits of their frailty—to heaven knows where.

Long afterwards, as I was leaving a theatre one night, someone touched my arm, and a familiar voice said, "Nurse." I turned. It was Mary. The lights of Leicester Square lit up her painted cheeks She had got work. "Do you ever see him?" I enquired "Never."

Where is he? Where are thousands?

How to Keep Well

New Surgery

by A Wimpole Street Physician

PEOPLE often ask me whether there is anything in osteopathy. Osteopathy may do good in some nervous complaints and in so-called "rheumatic" ailments, backache, etc. It seems to give these patients some comfort.

But most of the cases I have known to get any relief by osteopathy have had a nervous element about them, and few if any definite symptoms of disease.

Osteopaths say that a careful examination of the spine enables them to detect certain displacements of the vertebræ.

These displacements, they believe, cause diseases, and they say they can cure by manipulating and adjusting the spine.

We ordinary doctors, on the other hand, say that the idea that diseases are caused by these slight displacements is all nonsense.

Osteopaths insist that their special training enables them to find things ordinary doctors cannot find.

We reply that by no training can one find what isn't there.

And at any rate, we say, people who treat the sick should be properly qualified.

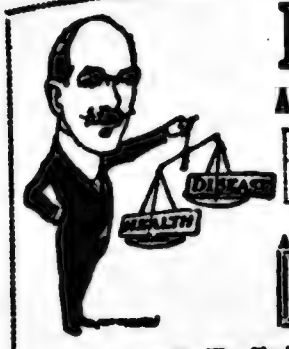
A few osteopaths are qualified doctors as well. We have nothing against them: they know better than to treat serious diseases by osteopathy.

But others retort that the doctors have the closest trade union in the country.

The medical profession, however, is open to anybody who passes certain examinations.

The General Medical Council, which controls them, was instituted by the Government to protect the public, and it sees that every doctor knows a certain minimum amount about the human body and its diseases.

So I should see a doctor before going to an osteopath.



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A Prescription which Acts like Magic in Weakness, Brain Fag, Debility, Depression, Loss of Memory, or after the 'flu. Try it and cheer up.

IT REPELS Absentmindedness, Debility, Depression, Despondency, Fear of Failure, Frowns, Irritability, Lassitude, Neurasthenia, Palpitation, Run Down Conditions, Sleeplessness, Weakness.

IT INDUCES Power of Concentration, Ability, Buoyancy, Hopefulness, Success, Smiles, Cheerfulness, Alertness, Nerve Force, Steady Pulse, Sense of Vigour, Repose, Strength.

Known as Shadforth Prescription No. 470. Written by a Specialist thus:—

A. NEWMAN, Esq.—Rp.: *Phosphorus* .. 1-100th grain. *Damiana Extract* .. 2 grains. *Nux Vomica Extract* 1-8th grain. *Lecithin* .. ½ grain. *Dispense in 1 tablet.* Syn: Shadforth Prescription No. 470. *Directions:* Take one or two tablets with meals thrice daily

Trial Size 1/-

When ordering please ask for Special Pamphlet dealing with Neurasthenia. (Signed) A. GOOD (Physician).

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS. *Prescribed by Physicians the world over.* *PHOSPHORUS*, constituent of the brain. Invigorates brain workers. *NUX VOMICA* increases energy. *DAMIANA*, Cerebro-Spinal Tonic. *LECITHIN*, natural Glycerophosphate. Used in ailments arising from defective nutrition. Get it, and feel brighter in two hours after taking the first dose. 1/- (12 tablets). Other sizes 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100), 17/- (300 tablets).

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Here are other approved home remedies as dispensed at reasonable prices by **MR. WM. SHADFORTH, Ph.C.,** *Editor "Health News," Author of "The Wealth of Health"; Pharmaceutical Chemist, Highest Qualification, Pharmaceutical Society, Great Britain.*

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Painful Nerve-sheath Inflammation, Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Rheumatism,

and Nerve Pains generally, are promptly relieved by

Prescription 262.

Acetyl-Salicylic Acid	*Quinine Sulphate*
Phenacetin	*Dover's Powder*

In correct proportions.

Dose:—1 to 3 tablets thrice daily after meals.

This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria.

Price 1/3 (25), 2/- (50), 3/6 (100 tablets.)

At those special times when the pain is unbearably severe, foment the parts with hot water or take a Neuritis Cachet (Prescription 622) instead of the above tablets. The cachet is composed of Antifebrin, Amidozalol and Codein, and generally gives prompt relief.

Prescription 622 A. Price 3/- (6), 5/9 (12).

Acute Rheumatic Gout.

CURED IN ONE DAY FOR ONE SHILLING.

Prescription 74.

Thousands of sufferers from Muscular Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Acute Gout, Pains in the Limbs and Joints, Arthritis, Swollen Toes and Fingers, arising from Uric Acid in the blood, and tardy metabolism, have been cured by the following prescription. In many cases of Acute Gout in its most painful form relief has been obtained within a few hours, and the attack cured within 24 hours.

Trial Size 1/-

Prescription.

Colchicum Extract ..	½ gr.	*Hyoscyamus Extract* ..	1 gr.
Rhubarb Pill ..	1 gr.	*Methylene Blue* ..	1-5th gr.
Blue Pill ..	1 gr.	*in one pill.*	

Dose:—1 or 2 Pills thrice daily with meals, until the bowels have been well purged, when relief is generally obtained.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

Prescribed by Physicians the world over.

In this prescription the Colchicum relieves tension and eliminates uric acid; the Blue Pill and Rhubarb Pill stimulate stomach and liver; the Hyoscyamus is a sedative; and the Methylene Blue is a pain killer. It colours the urine blue.

Price 1/- per box of 25 pills. Larger sizes 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills). Post free.

Arterio-Sclerosis

and Blood Pressure Breakdowns Unnecessary.

Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries possible for middle-aged. Simple home treatment.

Trial Size 1/-

Prescription 1108.

Soda Sulphate	*Neutral Soda Phosphate*
Soda Chloride	*Soda Nitrite*
Soda Carbonate	*Magnesia Phosphate*

Calcium Glycerophosphate. In tablets.

Dose:—Two tablets with meals thrice daily for an indefinite period; they may be taken as a table salt, and will not interfere with the action of other medicines.

Price 2/6 (100 tablets).

Acidity

Cured in One Week for One Shilling.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid Indigestion, have been cured by the following prescription:—

Rp: *Bismuth Carb.*	*Oil of Peppermint*
Soda Bicarb.	*Oil of Aniseed*
Magnesia Carb.	In Tablets.

(Syn: Shadforth Prescription No. 1,077.)

Trial Size 1/-

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

Prescribed by Physicians the world over.

BISMUTH soothes and heals the catarrhal surfaces of stomach and bowels. It is also absorbent. MAGNESIA is antacid, SODA BI-CARBONATE is antacid. ANISEED AND PEPPERMINT act as carminatives.

This prescription is non-purgative. Avoid fried, oily foods and excess of starchy foods for a few days. Dose—2 tablets before each meal. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. Send to Mr. Shadforth, the well-known London Dispensing Chemist, for a trial box, 1/- (50 tablets). Larger family sizes 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144), and 7/- (432). Post free.

Where the Indigestion and Acidity is Exceptionally Uncomfortable and Painful, ask for the Special Prescription for Painful Dyspepsia, No. 15. Price 1/- (36), 1/9 (72), 3/3 (144 tablets).

Backache,

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gravel, Lumbago,

and many ailments arising from chill on the kidneys are promptly relieved by the following prescription:—

Rp:	
Potassium Nitrate	*Juniper Oil*
Colchicum	*Venice Turpentine*
Capsicum	*Bearberry Extract*
Methylene Blue	*Copaiba Balsam*
Buchu Extract	In Tablets.

(Prescription No. 40.)

Trial Size 1/-

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

Prescribed by Doctors everywhere.

These ingredients are kidney stimulant or diuretic, antiseptic or germicidal, anti-uric and pain-killing (analgesic). The trace of Methylene Blue colours the urine green. Non-purgative.

Price 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

Cold in the Head,

Catarrh, Influenza, Deadly Acute Nasal Catarrh,

Relieved in 2 Minutes. Cured in 2 Days.

The symptoms of Nasal Catarrh include a muco-purulent and offensive nasal discharge, incessant sneezing, sense of fullness of the nose, mouth breathing, nasal twang, frontal headache, defective taste and smell, watering of the eyes, dry throat, deafness, hawking, etc.

Trial Size 1/-

Nasal Catarrh is often the first stage of BRONCHITIS, COLD ON THE CHEST PNEUMONIA, THROAT EAR and LUNG TROUBLES.

Breathe through your nose, not through your mouth. Keep mouth and nose germ-free by the timely and regular use of this prescription, and dwell long in the land of the living.

A new effervescent, germicidal tablet, known as Shadforth Prescription No. 829TX. Price 1/- (25), 1/6 (50), 2/9 (100). Can be advantageously used at the same time as No. 331, and Germ Killing Snuff (No. 886. Price 1/3).

Coughs and Colds,

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Sufferers from Bronchial and Nasal Catarrh, Stuffiness and Cold of the Chest, Huskiness, Hacking Cough at night, Influenza Cold or Chill, and those recovering from pleurisy and pneumonia, will find grateful assistance from the following prescription:

Trial Size 1/-

Rp: *Paregoric Elixir*	*Pine Tar*
Licorice Extract	*Creosote.* In Pills.

Syn: Shadforth Prescription No. 331.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

Prescribed by Doctors everywhere.

LICORICE loosens the phlegm and relieves breathing. CREOSOTE is a chest antiseptic with anti-tubercular properties. PINE TAR is an antiseptic and chest tonic. PAREGORIC (compound of Aniseed, Benzoic Acid, Camphor and Opium) soothes the chest, checks the cough, and stimulates resistance to germs.

Dose (for adults only): 1 or 2 pills several times a day. May be advantageously used at the same time as No. 829TX.

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Special Heart Tonic.

Lassitude, Weariness, Faintness, and Heart Weakness Banished.

A heart and nerve tonic which prevents palpitation, faintness and heart failure, tremblings and run-down condition, collapse, and stops that failing to pieces feeling.

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Prescription 639.

Rp: *Nux Vomica Ex.* .. 1 10th gr.
Digitalis .. .. ½ gr.
Gentian Extract .. .. 1 gr.
Dandelion Extract .. ½ gr. In one pill.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

NUX VOMICA increases Energy. *DIGITALIS* steadies the action of the heart. *GENTIAN* tones the Stomach. *DANDELION* stimulates the kidneys.

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Anæmia. Blood Poverty.

Value of Ingredients.		Value of Ingredients
BLAUD PILL. Forms Red Blood Corpuscles.	**Anæmia, Weakness, Constipation, Debility, Dull and Pale Skin, Languor.** (Prescription 385.)	*MANGANESE CITRATE.* Forms Red Blood Corpuscles.
ALOIN. Liver Stimulant.	*Blaud Pill, 2½ grs.* *Aloin, 1-30th gr.*	*LECITHIN* Natural Glycerophosphate. Used in ailments arising from defective nutrition.
NUX VOMICA. Increases Energy	*Nux Vomica Ext. 1-10th gr.* *Calcium Sulphide, 1-5th gr.* *Manganese Citrate, ½ gr.* *Lecithin, 1-10th gr*	
CALCIUM SULPHIDE. Blood Purifier. Alterative.	Price 1/- (36), 2/- (72), 3/6 (144 pills), with directions.	

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Contains Nature's Digestive Juices.

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Gives remarkable results and improves health.

Potassium Hypophosphite, Phosphate, Bicarbonate and Citrate.

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A Complexion Tonic for Complexion Troubles. (Prescription 442.)

Charcoal, Dried Sulph. Iron, Calcium Sulphide, Nux Vomica Extract, Gentian Extract.

Price 1/- (36), 1/9 (72), 3/3 (144), 9/- (432 tablets).

SLUGGISH LIVER, URIC ACID, KIDNEY TROUBLES. (Prescription 282.)

Cubebs, Venice Turpentine, Colchicum, Gravel Nut, Podophyllin, Copaiba, etc.

Useful for Constipation, Rheumatism, Bladder and Kidney Troubles.

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).

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Better than Alcohol, Sulphonal, Veronal, or German Drugs. Does not form the drug habit.

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Price 1/6 (25), 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100 pills).

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Will relieve bilious attacks, sick headache and some forms of bowel indigestion. Useful in the home as a gentle laxative.

Barbados Aloes, Capsicine, Pure Olive Oil Soft Soap.

With directions. Price 1/- (72), 1/3 (100), or 3/- (300 pills).

PREMATURE OLD AGE. Specialist's New Gland Treatment. (Prescription 1128.)

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To be applied night and morning.

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A good pile ointment to use with these pills is No. 1083. Price 2/-.

Or from any Chemist who cares to book your order and desires your patronage, or you can have them post free at the prices named (abroad extra) from

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Like stomach, liver or kidney disorders, and in fact most other bodily ills, rheumatism results simply from accumulations of impurities in the system. Call these germs, microbes, bacilli, toxins, uric acid or anything you like, but they are all impurities and form the primary cause of organic disease. It used to be thought that the only way to stop rheumatic pains was to drug the nerves and vital organs into partial insensibility by taking opiates and narcotic drugs, or rubbing on liniments. But authorities know better than to recommend such purely temporary expedients now. They advise a level teaspoonful of refined *Alkia Saltrates* in water every second morning before breakfast, or as much as will cover a sixpence can be added to your tea, coffee, water or other drink and taken every morning. No trace of any bitter, salty, sour, or other taste can possibly be detected. Also it cannot irritate or upset even the most delicate stomach. Try this and notice how quickly it dissolves and permanently clears out of your system all disease-causing impurities and painful uric acid deposits or sharp crystals in stiff joints and sore muscles. There is nothing better to cleanse and regulate a torpid liver or to flush out clogged kidneys. You can get some of this inexpensive standard compound from any chemist. It consists of the essential curative constituents found in certain natural medicinal spring waters, and will cure even the most severe case of rheumatism within a few days.

Saves Lives!

THOUSANDS now living owe their lives to Lobelline, The Great Lung Preserver. Every household should have a bottle handy. Ask your chemist distinctly for:

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LOBELLINE
The Great Lung Preserver

MARVELLOUS FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, WHOOPING COUGH.

Bottles, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-
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OBTAINABLE AT ALL BRANCHES OF BOOTS, NEEDHAMS, SQUIRES, AND OF ALL CHEMISTS.

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FREE!

SEND a postcard for your free copy of the "Veriman" Medical Guide and Year Book. Sixty-four pages of useful information sent post free to all "John Bull" readers from (Dept. J.B.) Stirchley Laboratories, Birmingham.

Human Documents

Forgiveness from Beyond

An Awkward Awakening—Thief Threatens Bigamist—The Other Woman

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"FIFTEEN years ago my husband had a violent quarrel with his brother—a quarrel so serious that it resulted in life-long estrangement. My husband owned a small factory in the midlands, and his brother, and partner, managed the London office. The quarrel was a business one, the details of which were too complicated for me to understand, but my husband told me that his brother had behaved very dishonestly and was virtually a thief. My husband declined to prosecute, but felt very bitter about the whole affair and insisted that neither I nor our children should ever mention his brother's name or have anything further to do with him.

"Then came the war, and my husband went into the Army. The factory, with an inefficient manager, failed and was closed down. In 1917 my husband was killed in action, and I was left a widow with two young boys to bring up on my pension and slender private means.

"Ever since then I have pinched and scraped to give my boys—now my only real interest in life—a proper education.

"AT Christmas, my eldest boy, who is eighteen, left school. He has been trying for nearly three months to make a start in life. I cannot afford to pay a premium for him, and I have no influential friends to help me. It almost breaks my heart to see him come home, day after day, disheartened and embittered by the fruitless search for work.

"Last week I had a surprise visit from my brother-in-law, who had learnt our address from an old acquaintance. He is now a prosperous man, and director of a large company. He begs me to let bygones be bygones, and offers to put my eldest son in a good position in his own office.

"What am I to do? On the one side there is the memory of my dear husband, who died the best death a man can die, and who would turn in his Flanders grave did he know that his son was working for the man he so distrusted and despised. On the other side there is my boy, with his eager youth wasting and his heart sickened by the ineffectual search for work, only lacking a helping hand to set his foot firmly on the first rung of the ladder."

"Humanist" says: *You will find the solution to your problem in doing your duty to your boy. Though you think your husband would turn in his grave, you must remember the French proverb which says, "To know all is to pardon all." I think it is more than likely that, in the light of knowledge gained beyond the grave, he has forgiven the wrongdoing which nourished his resentment all his life. Your brother-in-law could seek no better way of atonement than by rendering this service to the son of the man he wronged.*

The Sleep-walker

"EVER since I was a little girl of seven I have been addicted to sleep-walking, but my family has always kept this fact to themselves, as I feel very sensitive on the matter and have always urged them to keep my malady from the knowledge of outsiders.

"During the past week I have had cause to regret their reticence, since it has added to the difficulty of a predicament from which I would gladly escape with unsullied reputation.

"I was asked with my sister, to a house party held by the parents of my sister's fiancé, and owing to the late hour at which it ended several of the guests, myself included, were put up till the morning. During the night my old trouble asserted itself, and to put the distressing affair as briefly as possible, our host, roused by a noise by my moving about in the quiet hours, discovered me in the bedroom of his youngest son.

"Of course, my sister and I had to explain things as they really were, but I could see that among the rest of the party who gathered during the disturbance there was a big element of doubt. To add to my misery I have heard since that many of the people who were there are spreading the news of what they please to call my brazen escapade."

"Humanist" says: *It is certainly rather distressing to awaken in such awkward circumstances, but your parents can explain the cause of the incident to everyone that matters, and you need not worry yourself about those who choose to make a ribald jest of the matter or affect to see evil where none exists. "Honi soit qui mal y pense." They degrade themselves, not you, by their unjust suspicions.*

A Bigamist Husband

"WHEN I married my husband I was under the impression that I was his first wife, but two weeks ago he confessed that he has been deceiving me all the time in this matter, his well-kept secret only being forced from him through developments at his business.

"He is employed as manager of the clerical department of a universal store, and under him there is employed a cashier who has for many months been guilty of petty pilfering.

He dare not betray him, however, because this man is the brother of the woman whom he married twelve years ago, and who left him to proceed to America with her lover.

"When confronted with his guilt, this thief threatens to disclose the fact that my husband is a bigamist, and states that letters he has been receiving from his sister for the last ten years will be submitted to the police if any action against himself is taken.

"Now, beyond being guilty of the deception I have mentioned, I have no fault to find with my partner. He has proved generous and considerate ever since our marriage two years ago, and I feel intensely for him in his fear of imprisonment and in the anxiety caused by the money losses which he dare not explain to his employers."

"Humanist" says: *Your husband should disclose these defalcations to his employers, asking them to conceal the fact that these were discovered through his agency. If he had good reason to suppose his first wife was dead when he married you he will not be punished for bigamy, but your marriage is null and void and can only be legalised after divorce.*

Shadow of his past

"TWENTY-FIVE years ago I was stationed at Durban as a private of a volunteer battalion which took part in the South African War. While there I became acquainted with the daughter of a colonist and after some time we became engaged and developed an intimacy which I have ever since regretted. Three months before peace came she threw me over.

"I returned to England much upset by this episode in my life. Last November, however, I met the daughter of a fellow director in our firm, and we were to have been married in July next.

"It appears now that this cannot be, for two months ago I discovered that my former lover is engaged as one of our typists. She recognised me and was not long in visiting me at my rooms.

"Since we renewed acquaintance she has been nothing more than friendly, and has never mentioned the past. But you can understand how I feel."

"Humanist" says: *You appear to be under no obligation to the typist in question. Why not lay the matter frankly before your fellow director and his daughter? But you should not receive your former flame in your rooms. That is asking for trouble.*

Starved Mother-Love

"For over two years since I lost my two children I have just been a bundle of nerves. I get so melancholy that I am afraid to be left alone. I have tried all kinds of things, but nothing does me any good. Do tell me how I can alter my outlook on life."

"Humanist" says: *You are starving your mother-love. Try to take up some work locally among children, which will provide an outlet for the affection which you feel for your departed little ones.*

In the Hands of Moneylenders

"With £200 of my own and £150 borrowed from moneylenders I purchased a business which is doing fairly well. I had to sign a promissory note for £245, of which I have repaid £75, but the repayments are draining the business, and I am afraid I am faced with bankruptcy or the signing for a fresh loan."

"Humanist" says: *It is a pity you have got into the hands of moneylenders. If you sign a fresh promissory note you are doomed. Can you not borrow from relatives or friends?*

Open Confession——

"I fell in love with another man's wife and she is going to give birth to a child soon, and the husband is not aware of it yet. As you value your own name, 'Humanist,' help me! I am ashamed."

"Humanist" says:—*You deserve a horse-whipping, not help. The only honourable thing for you to do now is to tell the husband frankly what has occurred, so that he can divorce his wife and leave you to support her and the offspring of the unbridled lust which you miscall love.*

Blowing Hot and Cold.

"Six weeks ago the man who has courted me for five years told me that his parents were against his marrying me, and that we had better part. Now he appears to have quarrelled with them, and he has written to me asking me to become engaged again."

"Humanist" says:—*A man who loved you very dearly would not blow hot and cold. You should refuse to renew your engagement until he has proved that his love has grown stronger since you separated.*

B203

17/9

This smart glacé Oxford shoe with patent toecap is altogether a most reliable model, equally popular for smart appearance and excellent wearing qualities.

Sizes and half sizes, 5-10

Smart Spring Styles

"Burlington" has leaped into popularity because it offers just what everybody looks for in footwear. **Just** the style you want, from a wide range of models that is always up to date. **Just** the right fit among the sizes, half sizes and various widths. **Just** the right low price that most people can afford to pay.

We make these Burlingtons ourselves from start to finish. We know they are good through and through. We say confidently that they are the finest footwear-value you can get to-day—and behind that statement is our 50 years' reputation.

Test Burlington Value by Post.

Order a pair of Burlingtons. Simply state shoe number and size, and send a pencil outline of your foot, with remittance. (Foreign orders must include enough for postage.) Examine the shoes in your own home. Try them on! We send goods post free in U.K., **and guarantee to satisfy you.**

If you wish, first send postcard for Burlington Catalogue which shows scores of styles.

Freeman Hardy and Willis, Ltd.,

500 Shops — 106, Rutland St., Leicester. — *500 Shops*

Best Corsets That Cost Less Money!

Sent for **1/-** Deposit.

An Exquisite Creation of Mannequin Grace and Style. Reduced from 14/11 to 8/11.

This is an offer that enables every lady to wear best corsets always, and to save money in so doing. The Ambron Corset costs no more than commonplace stock models, but what a difference in comfort, in style, in appearance! The Ambron Corset is the creation of artists, perfect in fit, fashion, and figure—improving support. Fashion's latest thought is expressed in its graceful lines, and to wear it is to know the luxury of really high-grade corsets. Best dressed women pronounce the Ambron Corset the last word in correct wear.

TRY-ON AT HOME COUPON

Secure 14/11 Corsets for 8/11 on Appro.

Simply write full name and address on a piece of paper, to which pin this Coupon.

Please send me a 14/11 Ambron Model "A" Corset at the reduced price of 8/11, on approval. My measurements are:—

Size of Waist..... Bust..... Hips.....

I enclose 1/- deposit, with 6d. postage, and if I do not immediately return Corset, I will either complete purchase in one sum of 7/11, or by weekly instalments of 1/- each. Please cross Postal Orders thus: / /.

Sizes range from 19 ins. to 36 ins. Over 36 ins. 1/6 extra.

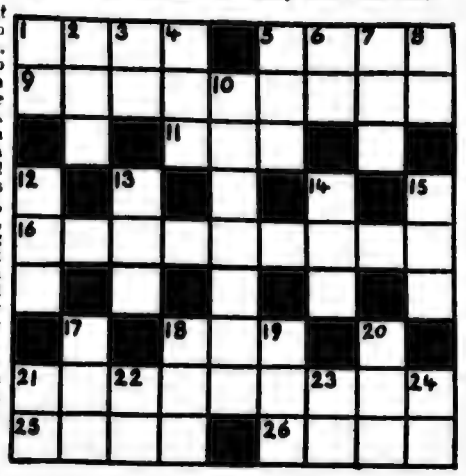
JOHN BULL, 4/4/25, No. 400.

Post your Order at once to AMBROSE WILSON Ltd., 409, Allen House, 70, Vauxhall Bridge Road London, S.W. 1.

The Largest Mail Order Corset House in the World.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

1st Prize £10, 2nd Prize £5, 3rd Prize 50/-



CLUES:

ACROSS

1. In the skin.
5. Minute particle.
9. Self assurance.
11. Scottish for give.
12. To flirt.
13. Highest card.
21. To mark with different colours.
23. To burn slightly.
25. Hebrew measure.

DOWN

1. Postscript.
2. British tree.
3. Royal Navy.
4. Used as food.
5. Part of the verb to be.
6. Towards.
7. Lubricant.
8. A Doctor.
10. Money matters.
12. General Post Office.
13. Cone-bearing tree.
14. Girl's name.
15. Kind of vessel.
17. Expression of contempt.
18. The atmosphere.
19. Self.
20. Consumed.
21. Hero.
22. Royal Artillery.
23. Before noon.
24. A suffix.

The prizes will be awarded to the senders of the three nearest correct solutions opened by Wednesday morning, 9th April. More than one attempt may be submitted, but each attempt must be accompanied by an order for an Ambron Corset on the coupon alongside. The corset will be sent by return. No correspondence can be entered into regarding this Puzzle.

D'HAM	TELEGRAPHS			
CYCLISTS		EVERYWHERE		
TAKE	YOUR	EASTER	HOLIDAY	IN
COMFORT		SEE	THAT	SADDLE
IS	BROOKS		WRITE	CATALOGUE
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"Keep fit on cocoa"

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WRITE
CADBURY, BOURNVILLE,
ABOUT
GIFT SCHEME

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SEE THE NAME "Cadbury" ON EVERY PIECE OF CHOCOLATE

Inviting

More than any other bread "Bermaline" appeals to you—inviting you to enjoy its distinctive "Bermaline" flavour and aroma—and to benefit by its nourishing food properties. There is nothing like good bread—and the best is "Bermaline," for it is all sound food—with nourishment in every crumb.

Your baker will supply you with fresh "Bermaline" Bread daily.

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"Bermaline" Bread

For name of nearest "Bermaline" baker write to Montgomerie & Co., Ltd., Ibrox, Glasgo".

As a Sole Food for Baby

Cow & Gate Milk Food

is second only to Breast Milk.

Should breast feeding fail or become inadvisable, Nature is ready with a second course in "Cow & Gate." Made solely from Fresh English Milk, rich in vitamins, it builds healthy flesh as surely as breast milk.

TESTED JB

Of all Chemists, 1/6, 2/9, 7/9 per Tin.

Ask your chemist to show you the new Patented "Cow & Gate" Stoppered Feeder.

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HOW TO GET RID OF CATARRH.

A Simple, Safe, Inexpensive Method that Clears Out the Head, Nose, and Throat.

Cigarettes Sent Free.

There is no disease more offensive or disagreeable or no disease that will lead to as much serious trouble as catarrh. You can now get rid of it by a simple, safe, pleasant home remedy discovered by Dr. Blosser (U.S.A.), a catarrh specialist.

Dr. Blosser's Remedy is composed of medicinal herbs, flowers, and berries, which you smoke in a dainty pipe or cigarette. The smoke-vapour is inhaled into all the air-passages of the head, nose, throat, and lungs. It contains no cubebs or tobacco, and may be used by women and children as well as men.

This medicated smoke carries medicine where sprays, douches, and ointments cannot possibly reach. Its effect is soothing and healing, and is entirely harmless. If you are a sufferer from catarrh, asthma, catarrhal deafness, or subject to frequent colds, you should try this Remedy without delay.

Any well-stocked chemist's shop can supply Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes. The new small 1/6 packet contains 20 cigarettes.

A trial package, containing four cigarettes, will be posted to any catarrh sufferer quite free. Address, Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 D.K.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C. 4, to prove their delightful and remarkable effectiveness.

For Raw, Sore Throat

At the first sign of a sore throat, rub on Musterole. It goes right to the spot with a gentle tingle, loosens congestion, draws out the soreness.

A clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard, Musterole has all the strength of the old-fashioned mustard plaster, without the blister. Use Musterole for colds on the chest (it often prevents pneumonia), congestion, neuralgia and rheumatism.

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MILLER'S MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER

Thos. Christy & Co., London

Made from finest silver steel. Indispensable for all manicure and chiropody purposes and specially recommended for those suffering from ingrowing toe nails.
In neat Black Patent Leather Case, 1/- extra.
Hints on "Care of the Nails" enclosed free.
ARNOLD'S, Dept. J.), 60, DONEGALL ST., BELFAST.

Free TO THE Deaf

WE will present a pair of "Articaids," free, to all applications received within fourteen days from date of this paper. Absolutely no charge and no obligation.

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Invisible Appliance for the Deaf. No batteries, fits right inside ear. Small, light, washable. Simply write your name and address and enclose this advertisement with six stamps to—
D. & J. HILL., Ltd., 532, Danjhill House, 287 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

Our Letter Parliament

The Surplus Woman

Marriage or Freedom—Shopkeepers and Credit—Preachers' Smooth Words

Twin Millstones.

The unwanted woman and unemployment are the twin millstones that are crushing out happiness and prosperity. One can see it echoed in the recent poultry-farm tragedy—a loving girl who wanted to marry, and a young fellow with his morale ruined by unemployment. It is pitiful that women are forced to become wage-earners, thereby lowering wages, and making marriage impossible to many men.—*Bachelor of Thirty-five, Cricklewood.*

Tragic Incumbrances

It seems useless for Prof. Mordan to lament over the two million "unwanted" women when there is little possibility of any practical scheme to get rid of such "tragic incumbrances." It may be that thousands of these women, physically fit and capable of taking domestic work abroad, would go if they had the money to pay the fare.—*A. E. Payne, Stanmore.*

Spinster's Freedom

Prof. Mordan seems to forget that there are thousands of women in this country who have no desire to marry. As an "old maid" of thirty-five, I would have him know that I could have been married twice years ago, but preferred to "have my freedom." There are many like myself.—*Helly X., Dover.*

Payment Resented

Prof. Mordan says it ought to be possible to make provision for the maintenance of single unsupported women. Contributory payment certainly, but at the present time compulsory payment is resented by the very class of women who gain most from it. I refer to health and insurance benefits.—*J. M. C. K., Glasgow.*

Divorce Reform Remedy

Thousands of men are tied to women and cannot be separated from them until our divorce laws are reformed. They are thus prevented from marrying other women. Divorce law reform is imperative.—*T. F. J., Taunton.*

Race Suicide

When we are able to house and feed our present population, when we are able to find work for unemployed, and have succeeded in giving every child a fair chance of happiness, then should we begin to trouble about producing more children. The falling birth-rate should rather be looked on as a proof of national sanity.—*Robert Haswell, New Seaham.*

Support in Old Age

The reason why many feeble-minded, and sane poor people too, do not practise birth control is because they think that if they marry, and have children at an early age, they will be sure of having someone to support them in their old age. The poor only "retire" when their families have grown up, and the bigger the family the greater the comforts enjoyed by an elderly mother and father. —*A. F., Ramsgate.*

Vices of the "Swells"

My opinion is that the great mass of working-people do not pay the slightest heed to the doings of the rich, whether these be of a virtuous or vicious nature. Because common folk may read in the Press of the vices of the "swells" is no proof that they will want to copy them. The only thing that the poor envy in the rich is their wealth; they have no need to wish for an exchange of character.—*Reader, Elgin.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Parsons Lifeless

The Church is not dead—it is only the men in the pulpit who are lifeless. When one comes along full of his message and not afraid to speak out, the people flock to hear him. Too many preachers speak only smooth words when strong ones are needed.—"*Wake Up,*" *Scarborough.*

Slum Mother-love

Do slum mothers love their children? May be, but surely blindly. True mother-love is based on reason which says that it is wicked to add to the horror of preventable childish misery. Official figures for school-children show 19 per cent. of unfit children for 1924. With conditions surely worsening, is it not time that even the blind instinct of protective motherhood asserted itself on behalf of the helpless offspring?—*M. S. M., Rochdale.*

Human Hearts Starving

I wonder if a slum clearance fund would gain as much support as the fund for St. Paul's? Are the authorities aware of the crumbling pillars of humanity residing in these slums? It is an insult to God, spending money on structural art when human hearts are starving for cleaner houses and surroundings.—*T.A.L., Ilkeston.*

Rotten New Houses

'In demanding more houses the stipulation should be added that they are fit to live in when built. We came into a new house, passed by Ministry of Health, three years ago, with four of the very healthiest of children. Since then we have not passed a quarter without a doctor's bill. If it rains more than a shower we are awakened with rain dropping through the roof on bedroom floor. Doors won't fasten, and if they do a fall of plaster follows. Pictures on walls are ruined by damp, and it is quite impossible to keep pickles and preserves. In fact anything goes mouldy after a few days here.—*Most Disgusted, Towcester.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"WESTERN EVENING HERALD":—"'Did she have anything to EAT?' 'No, sir; she had milk and some BREAD AND BUTTER and she may have had some CAKE.'"

"WORLD'S PICTORIAL NEWS":—"This was the man with whom I became friendly as a result of my business acquaintance with him IN THE FIRE PLACE."

"BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE":—"It was agreed that both the house and the LADY were to be redecorated for the wedding."

"BOYS' MAGAZINE":—"The bag was UNOPENED by his side, and he was just about to CLICK IT SHUT."

"CROWLE ADVERTISER":—"Mr. —— had the misfortune to severely lacerate one of his LEGS with a thorn, and it is feared the SIGHT will be seriously impaired."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO" (advert.):—"Lost on 26th, brown leather WALNUT, containing notes."

Moneylenders' Dodge

I notice that neither Lord Carson's Bill nor Mr. Wells' Bill prohibits compound interest. Twenty per cent., or even 15 per cent., at compound interest, mounts to an appalling figure in a very short time, and in many cases the moneylender deliberately refrains from pressing for current interest in order that the principal may accumulate at compound rates.—*C. Stanley Coombe, Sheffield.*

Brave Men Wanted

We tremble for England's future in view of her present policy of greed, plunder, immorality, and the sins of society. Who will not agree with Mr. Gardiner that these are the cause of our national and social problems? Small wonder the masses are discontented. Have we no men in all Britain brave enough to take the lead against these evils.—*S., Oldham.*

Goods on Tick

You assume that all persons purchasing goods on the instalment system are strictly honest. One must admit that an advertiser is, generally speaking, a man of standing. I am a small shopkeeper and as sure as I let a customer leave, say, 6d. or 1s. off her purchases, I invariably lose that customer and the ready money is spent elsewhere.—*J. C., Hastings.*

A God of Authority

When it is realised that the people must rule, we shall approach the millennium. We make too much a god of authority, which is only a reflection of ourselves. Why should people toady to themselves? The people more than the Government are responsible for the problems of to-day, and the people must rule their rulers, or at least get their rulers to more nearly voice their opinion and conviction.—*Geo. H. Brunt, Norfolk.*

Real Peace

One of the essentials to international peace is a better feeling amongst the people of our own country. The success of the League of Nations depends upon good feeling and tolerance. Whilst bitterness exists amongst our own people we shall be deluding ourselves if we assume that the nation as a whole can, with success, enter into any pact having for its foundation "Peace on earth and good will towards men."—*C., Herts.*

Big Dividends

Limiting dividends to 10 per cent. would not help matters at all. Dividends are only one means of disbursing profits. There are many other ways, such as directors' fees, travelling allowances, etc. If the profits permit large dividends being paid, the price of the commodity produced should be reduced, or the wages of the workers increased. It is generally combines who are able to pay big dividends in these days.—*Fair Play, Suffolk.*

Women and Ways

Let every girl learn to cook. In Germany this is compulsory. Why not here? Let every girl learn a remunerative occupation; nearly every calling is open to women now. By all means let there be a national system of insurance for women, differing only from the Post Office Savings Bank in that the money paid in cannot be withdrawn until the depositor is, say, sixty. If she die before that age, let the money be claimable by her next-of kin.—*Dick Maisch, Hampstead.*

EDISWAN DULCIVOX

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2,000 ohms.

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For Health and Pleasure — at 4½d. a day — a

ROYAL ENFIELD

Bicycle — "guaranteed for all time" and fitted with Dunlop or Warwick tyres.

PRICES from £7:10:0 Cash or 11/- monthly

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THE INSTANT HAND-CLEANER AND HOUSEWIFE'S HELPER. Like Magic for Cleaning.

Tins Everywhere, 4½d. and 8d.

3D a DAY and you RIDE AS YOU PAY

14 DAYS' FREE APPROVAL.

Now you can buy a fine All British guaranteed bicycle without "saving up." You simply pay of the moderate price in easy monthly instalments to suit your pocket! The Selby bicycle is perfectly made in every part and GUARANTEED FOR A LIFETIME. You can trust the Selby bicycle absolutely. Do not go without a cycle any longer.

You can have a Selby bicycle sent to you at once, Packed Free and Carriage Paid, for the first payment of 7/6. If after 14 days you are not fully satisfied, your money will be refunded. Send for handsome Art Catalogue of these fine, easy-to-buy cycles! Your copy sent free and post free on request, together with full details of easy payments.

THE SELBY MFG. CO., Ltd., (Dept. 615), 21a, FINSBURY ST., LONDON, E.C.2

Motoring for the Million

The Open Road at Easter

by MOTOMAC

EASTER within sight is the unspoken thought of most motorists. It marks the beginning of the season and it is safe to predict that more people than ever will spend the greater part of the holiday on the open road.

Most of us know by this time the value of an early start. The necessary tinkering should all be done the night before. It should, in fact, become an extension of the holiday—a few hours of joyful anticipation, seeing to plugs, tyres, lubricating, and even filling up.

If there be any adjustments necessitating a visit to the repair shop, make that visit a few days in advance. There is nothing more annoying than loafing around a garage waiting your turn, when you should be miles away on your journey.

Above all else, see to your brakes. Great care has been taken to procure efficient braking power, and many owners lose it by sheer inattention. On strange roads good brakes are as essential as a good engine. At any time the lack of them may be most disastrous.

WHERE you go, and how far, must always be a question of circumstance. Most of the advice given errs on the side of caution. Seventy to a hundred miles per day is really ridiculous with a modern car, except in the most difficult country. Twice that should be easy. If you are out for motoring there is more fun in eating up the miles than in "dawdling" along.

Everything depends on the time of starting. The car seems to run better in the early hours. The world is not full of dust and fumes as it will be later. The road is clear, the air is pure, and you are ahead of the crowd. This is important at meal times. Rising early is right for once. All the rushing and scorching comes as a result of a late start, and spoils the pleasure, especially for the passengers, throughout the whole day.

THE speed limit has not been abolished yet, but on clear roads it is fortunately little observed. Legal limits in towns or villages should be very strictly observed, for only thus can accidents, which are the unfortunate side of our national holiday, be lessened.

Don't think because you are on the main road that side roads are not your affair. Legally there is no difference as far as our traffic laws are concerned. Custom is in advance of the law in this respect as in many others.

Remember also that many people without motors are also on pleasure bent, and treat them with the courtesy that you would a fellow motorist. Your pleasure will not be lessened by consideration for other road users, but any day may be spoilt for lack of it.

✱ Read "My Confessions" by Montague Noel Newton every Sunday in "The People"

MONEY SAVED is Money EARNED

The Austin Seven

Success in business and the enjoyment of life is a matter of opportunity. Make this opportunity yours, and a business success by buying an Austin Seven. That will ensure your continual pleasure.

PRICE at Works £149

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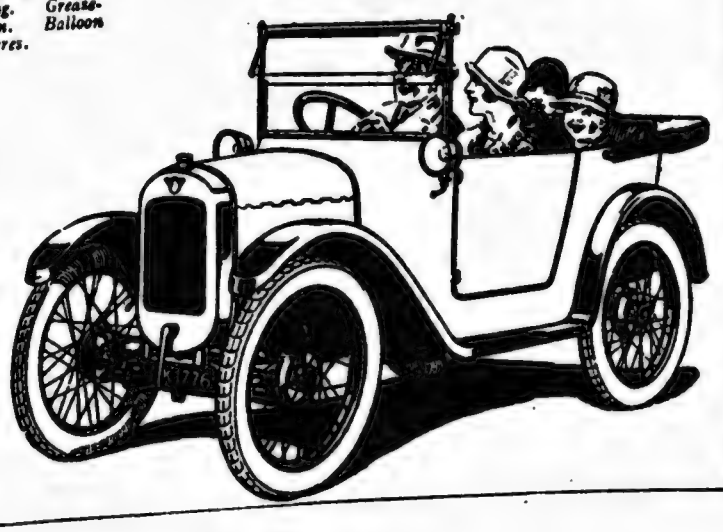
In 1925 (to date) 12.



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are made in six types, each the best of its kind.

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From 2/6 Weekly

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196, St. Vincent St., GLASGOW

First Round for the Bookies

Lincoln Lessons—Some Good Youngsters—The Man 'The Boys' Fear

I HOPED this week that I should be able to write that Lincoln had not lived up to its reputation as the graveyard of backers' hopes, but alas! On the opening day punters were helpless as one after another the six favourites went down with a smash. Of one hundred and twenty selections given by well-known Turf writers, only four scored. It was not surprising that the bookies went home heavy and happy.

Boils and a Temper.

I am sorry I did not stick to Tapin, one of my original fancies for the Lincolnshire, but writing a week before the decision of the race, the news concerning the Frenchman was not favourable. However, in spite of boils, bunions, and an ungovernable temper, he walked away with the race. Fortunately, the flat-racing season is more than a one-round contest, and in due course we shall get our own back.

Lincoln Horses to Follow.

Tapin had the big race won three furlongs from home, but several horses stood out well, and will win in the near future. Parth, after striking off badly, finished seventh. He could have been nearer the winner, but O'Neill dropped his hands when pursuit was hopeless. Sunny Rose showed fine speed, and is certain to win over seven furlongs. Another I recommend as one to follow is L.S.D. He should have filled one of the minor places.

This Week's Big Race.

The Newbury Spring Cup, this week's big race, is another trappy handicap, and I intend to use the code for my selection. If Tapin faces the barrier he may defy his penalty. Last year I saw Condover make hacks of the opposition after tumbling down in the betting from twenty to one to fours in the space of a few minutes, but he will not repeat his victory. Condover is not in love with racing nowadays. Don't forget that little hint I gave some time ago. Follow Mr. O. W. Rayner at Newbury. He is a member of the executive, and generally brings off a long-shot.

Pack Up Aptly Named.

Pack Up, one of the long-shots at Lincoln, packed up some way from the winning post. If this youngster had scored the dismal jimmies would have taken it as an omen.

My Cautious Policy.

One or two readers have twitted me already about the cautious policy I advise in my notes. The only way I can kick back is by retorting that last year there were over four thousand bookmakers in the country all living well, or fairly well. They did not get rich at my expense, and I don't want you to fill their pockets. The wise punter has a good win and plays up steadily. The mug has a good win, plunges and loses the lot.

The Two Gloamings.

Gloaming, the winner of the Kesteven Plate, and Gloaming, the crack New Zealander, are not one and the same. The Lincoln winner is only a three-year-old. The Colonial is eleven years old. I mention this fact because I told you some time ago that the New Zealander was being sent over here to race. He has put up an amazing record in New Zealand. Never out of the first three, he has won fifty-nine races in sixty-eight attempts.

Two-Year-Old Money-Spinners.

A punter whose speciality is betting in two-year-old races asked me to let him have a list of any promising youngsters which caught my eye at Lincoln. Bayadeer would have beaten Moncel with another hundred yards to go. Sunderland lost to Aloman in a thrilling finish. Smoke Alley impressed Cottrill by her runaway victory, and the Lambourn trainer purchased her for 600 guineas. Orange Pip literally spread-eagled a field of thirty-two. Enter these four in your note-book, and back them next time out.

Lord Astor and the Derby.

I do not think anyone would call Lord Astor an unlucky owner, unless his name were mentioned in connection with the Derby. He has tried to win the blue riband of the Turf on seven occasions. Five of his horses have finished second, but still the big prize eludes him. In the early winter it was hoped that Cross Bow would break his tantalising run of seconds, but it is not to be; the youngster has not made the necessary improvement. Lord Astor's trainer, Alec Taylor, should win the Derby with Picaroon, and I do not think the price will ever be better than it is at the moment—6 to 1.

Alec Taylor, the trainer of the Derby favourite.

THE FIRST FAVOURITE.
(THE FIRST FAVOURITE TO WIN THIS SEASON STARTED "ODDS ON")

Hail to thee first favourite,
Welcome as the sun,
What a lovely savour it
Has to know you've won!
(So many of your confreres and colleagues.
—Curse them all for double-dyed double-crossers!)
Having "also run."

Punters, filled with vices,
Ignorant and crude,
Grumble at the prices,
How extremely rude!
(After all you only started at eleven-to-ten-on in a field of thirteen!)
Man's ingratitude!

The Man "The Boys" Fear.

Major J. P. Wymer, the new inspector of race-course ring-keepers, appointed by the Jockey Club, has "the boys" well in hand, and I hope we shall see no more disgraceful scenes such as the battle royal which took place at Alexandra Park when bottles and revolvers were used in the little war. Major Wymer has charge of men from Scotland Yard fully acquainted with the faces of the rogues and vagabonds who make the Turf their happy hunting-ground, and the duty of these "specials" is to supervise the work of the ring officials.

George Washington, the Welsher.

Welshing always reminds me of a little episode which I witnessed on the course at Hurst Park many years ago. A flash young man hopped out of a taxi, put up his board, and announced that he had come to take all the money he could get over the Victoria Cup. He offered good prices, did a brisk business, got into his car and vanished before the race took place. He spoke the truth when he said that he had come to take all he could get.

The Queen's Prize for France?

Can Labadens win the Queen's Prize? is one of the questions which has been fired at me since Tapin's easy victory. Labadens is a smart four-year-old who comes to hand early in the season. He won a good race in England last year, after some surprising performances in France. I think the handicapper has treated him leniently in the Queen's Prize, but he should not be backed unless a strong jockey rides. Labadens likes to have his own way, and must be checked. Bartholomew, Tapin's trainer, has charge of the horse.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Sporting Chronicle Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Birmingham Mail, Irish Independent, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Bristol Times and Mirror, Sheffield Early Bird, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Liverpool Sporting Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Belfast Irish News, Mid-day Sporting Chronicle.

A 2 V E R P L 3 O H T Z K I
W X S Q M C U Y G B N J F D

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be. IGMVW3 would read D'ORSAY.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from April 1 to April 7.

"SILVER RING."

Soccer this Week-End

THE Scottish Cup looks good for Celtic. They have morally won it already eight times this season.

My forecast of the big international match is Scotland 2, England 1, whatever the English team is that has been chosen. A match that will practically decide the championship of the Second Division is Leicester C. v. Derby C. at Leicester next week.

A momentous First Division match this week-end is Newcastle v. West Bromwich Albion.

If Swansea win the Southern Section of the Third Division there will be many who will expect them to be in top-class football in 1926-27.

When will Fulham recognise that their present team is not good enough?

It is still difficult to say whether Rangers or Airdrieonians will win the Scottish League championship, but the former seem to have slightly the easier remaining engagements.

WEEK-END COUPS.

7 HOME.—Huddersfield, Hull C., Newport, Swansea, Rochdale, Lincoln C., St. Mirren.

5 HOME.—Huddersfield, Newport, Swansea, Rochdale, Lincoln C.

3 AWAY.—West Bromwich, Leicester C., New Brighton.

3 DRAWS.—West Ham v. Bolton W., Barnsley v. Clapton O., Nelson v. Darlington.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Newport, Swansea, Lincoln, Leicester C., New Brighton.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Swansea, Leicester C., Barnsley v. Clapton O.

FORECASTS FOR APRIL 11.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.
HOME WINNERS:—*B'ham, *Bolton W., Burnley, CardiffC., Sund'l'd, *W Bromwich.
AWAY WINNER:—West Ham.
DRAWS:—Everton v. Bl'kb'n R., *Leeds v. Bury, *Preston v. Arsenal, *Spurs v. New'e.

THE LEAGUE.—DIV. II.
HOME WINNERS:—*Chelsea, Clapton O., *Crystal Palace, Leicester C., *Manchester U., Wednesday, Southampton, *Stockport.
AWAY WINNER:—Blackpool.
DRAWS:—Coventry v. Hull C., *Oldham v. Portsmouth.

THE LEAGUE.—DIV. III. (Southern)
HOME WINNERS:—Brighton, *Bristol C., Luton, Millwall, *Plymouth, *Swindon, *Watford.
AWAY WINNER:—*Swansea.
DRAWS:—*Aberdare v. Northampton, Brentf'd v. Southend, Gillingham v. Exeter C.

THE LEAGUE.—DIV. III. (Northern).
HOME WINNERS:—Accrington, *Chesterfield, *Darlington, *Grimsby, *Halifax, *New Brighton.
AWAY WINNERS:—Doncaster R., *Lincoln C., *Barrow.
DRAWS:—*Bradford v. Nelson, *Rochdale v. Southport.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
HOME WINNERS:—*Hibernians, *Rangers.
AWAY WINNERS:—*Partick T., *Airdrieonians.
DRAWS:—Ayr v. Motherwell, Queen's Park v. Aberdeen, *St. Johnstone v. Hearts.

(For coupon purposes nap selections are marked with an asterisk.)

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English and Scottish Cups.

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WE NEVER QUIBBLE.

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GIVEN AWAY.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull," 4/4/25. On receipt of Postal Order for 12/6 we will forward direct from our Looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Brussels

Real Seamless Woven CARPETS

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS

Carriage 1/- extra.

Suitable for Dining-room, Drawing-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self shades of Crimson, Green, Blue and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room.

12/6

These Carpets with FRINGED will be sent out as sample Carpets, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 600,000 sold during the past 12 months. Money cheerfully returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome Rug to match. Gigantic Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Heartbugs, Bedsteads, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free, if mentioning "John Bull," 4/4/25, when writing. Established over Half a Century.

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Prospective Clients unable to give usual references may forward any amount from £5 to £100 as guarantee. Credit up to double the amount sent will then be granted. This does not apply to clients who already have accounts with me. When sending money as guarantee please state "FOR SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNT." Clients sending guarantees must not forward commissions until they receive my official notification that the account is opened.

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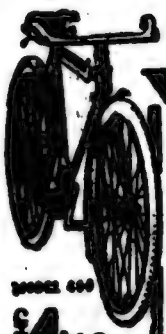

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When food disagrees, when you have no appetite, and you are nervous and run-down, take Dr. Cassell's Tablets. They will restore you to perfect health.

Letter from Mrs. E. M. Sullivan

Mrs. E. M. Sullivan, of Baglan Lodge East, Briton Ferry, South Wales, writes as follows:— "As the result of a serious illness I became the victim of nervous dyspepsia. I was always afraid to eat, and for a long time suffered terribly from the complaint. I tried every remedy I could think of, but nothing gave me any relief, and I had almost come to the conclusion that it was no use my making further effort, when a friend recommended Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I had little faith in this, but I decided to try them, and I experienced relief after the first box. I continued to take them for a few months, and now I can enjoy my food. I am very thankful they were recommended to me."

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME
and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for

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Every JOHN BULL reader should secure one of these handsome watches. Heavy Silver-finished case, with double engine-turned back and cap over movement, 10-jewelled non-magnetic compensated Lever movement (not affected by heat, cold, electricity, or self-magnetism). Dead accurate timekeeper. Bevelled crystal glass. Bold figures. Pen steel hands. Enamelled dial. Exactly as illustrated. Fully warranted 10 years.

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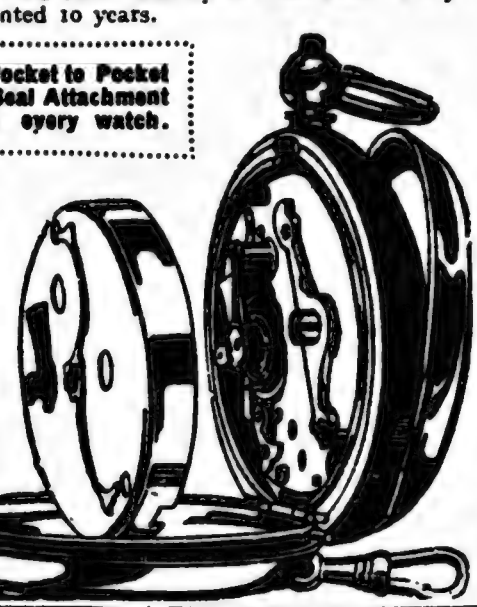

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John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. See note at top of last column on this page.

H. I. (Cheam).—"How do you spell the plural of penny?" Twopence.

JESSIE L. (Acton).—"I pass your office very often." Thanks; awfully.

G. M. (Kimberley).—"Diamond digging is a gamble." Spades being trumps.

H. N. V. (Mitcham).—"I am going to cycle round the world." We trust you will overtake some fine weather.

L. T. (Edmonton).—"Many motor-car accidents are caused by faulty steering-gear." And some by tight nuts.

J. T. (Hackney).—"What would you make of it if your grocer sent you a dozen broken eggs?" An omelette.

G. G. (Crewe).—"My friends say I'm a man of the right stamp." You're not. You only put a penny one on the envelope.

T. P. (Epsom).—"I know the A B C of my business." Then, if you keep a Y.Z. you should X.L.

L. T. (London, W.).—"I've been suffering from a stiff neck lately." Some short-skirted flapper been turning your head?

H. B. (Amersham).—"I write as I think." We doubt it. You've written quite a lot.

O. B. R. (Wandsworth).—"Will you *never* accept anything of mine?" Yes—your apologies.

MRS. N. (Hounslow).—"I am afraid I shall never meet you in heaven." What *have* you been up to?

PERCY N. (Exeter).—"She was always practising the violin, so I gave her up." You couldn't stand her airs, of course.

S. J. (Sheffield).—"The moment I get an opportunity I'll kick him." Don't make his extremity your opportunity.

J. S. (Leeds).—"I am a stout opponent of the Tories." Then we presume you'll put your weight on the other side.

G. G. (Leominster).—"I suppose you couldn't lend a fellow a couple of fivers?" How did you guess?

NORA L. (Sunderland).—"She doesn't know what the outcome of this marriage will be." Does she know what the income will be?

GEORGE P. (Sheffield).—"I hold a wife is not always entitled to have her own way." Under the Married Woman's Property Act she can claim what's hers.

BACHELOR (Penge).—"My next-door neighbour, a war-widow, has offered to give me lessons in gardening." She probably wants you to help her get rid of her weeds.

NELLIE C. (Balham).—"Since I lent him some money six months ago, my young man has been less attentive." Seems about time for the pressing attentions to be on *your* side.

G. J. (Colchester).—"What is the capital of Poland?" P.

T. L. C. (Manchester).—"How can I get stout?" Ask for it.

L. T. (Guildford).—"I am sending you a long article on the milk question." Condense it and we'll skim through it.

B. B. (Leeds).—"Do you think if I consulted a solicitor I should get anything?" Yes, a bill for 6s. 8d.

NELLIE N. (Chippenham).—"Is it very difficult to get into a London hospital?" Not if you're careless.

E. M. (Barnsley).—"I will never admit that women are made of dust." True, if they were they'd sometimes dry up.

POSTMAN (Birmingham).—"And I'm sorry to have to tell him his dog bit me." Still, if an emetic is administered it may live.

CONNIE R. (Sutherland).—"I would go to Margate for Easter if I was sure it would be bracing." Brighton is considered more embracing.

H. L. (Lancaster).—"I've got a dog who is very fond of babies." Better keep him filled up with dog biscuits or there'll be trouble.

F. S. (Warwick).—"She leaves things about and I bark my shins in the dark." Then waken the household with growling, we suppose.

P. A. W. (Leamington).—"Friends tell me I am destined to go into the House." If you depend on your abilities for a living, we're afraid they're right.

G. N. (Eastbourne).—"A train from London recently arrived here ten minutes before time." Perhaps a sturdy porter at the starting-point had given the guard's van a good hard push.

G. R. S. (Wood Green).—"An egg is not worth threepence at this time of year." It depends on the egg. You'll find twenty-nine very valuable ones in the *Bullets* Easter Offer.

BERNIE (Southampton).—"I should very much like to hear a psychologist lecture on fools." When our psychologist lectures we'll send you a ticket to admit one.

BESSIE R. (Henley-on-Thames).—"I have told my fiancé I shall never permit myself to be given away." Then we wager it's costing you something in tips to your little brother.

G. J. S. (Camden Town).—"I recently saw a mouse in an Underground carriage." We are surprised there was room for it.

P. M. (W.C. 1).—"Your paper makes me think." We are continually achieving the apparently impossible.

S. O. (Berwick).—"If you laugh, the world laughs with you." If you don't it laughs at you.

P. W. (Fenley).—"I bought a motor-car for £17 and went for a tour." Did you have a rattling good time?

G. K. S. (Lincoln).—"He threw my clothes out into the street." Did you follow suit?

G. N. (Victoria).—"The bustle may yet be fashionable again in London." But not in Whitehall, we're afraid.

C. S. P. (Southfleet).—"These Society cases make the gossips work overtime." Many of them are, in fact, burning the scandal at both ends.

THOS. L. (Hetton).—"I've taken pains over this letter." We wish you'd taken them all, instead of leaving some for us as well.

V. P. (Wandsworth).—"It is useless letting good money go after bad." Nevertheless, genuine coppers generally chase after counterfeit half-crowns.

P. W. (Brixton).—"Nothing is impossible." You're right. We understand the new Rent Act is to be more complicated than ever.

B. A. B. (Sale).—"I have found out that the records of my neighbours are pretty bad." Perhaps they play them too long with the same needle.

EDWARD T. (Dundee).—"My daughter has made me a lovely pair of soft lamb's wool slippers." We fancy she is preparing you for a visit from her sweetheart.

G. N. (London, E.C.).—"I wrote a poem the other day and instead of sending it to you I tore it up." We regard that as a very friendly action.

P. T. (Hagley).—"Some people have more staying power than others." But you can always drop a gentle hint to the lingering guest by winding up the clock and putting the cat out.

W. R. T. (Heversham).—"Health and cleanliness must be taught attractively if they are to be heeded." What is wanted, apparently, is hygiene and high jinks.

THE truth of the saying that two heads are better than one depends entirely upon the quality of the second head. It is no use taking counsel with a fool, for he will only confirm you in folly; or with an ignoramus, for he can only grope helplessly in the dark with you.

In seeking advice, you should remember the words of Burke, the great orator, who said, "He who calls in the aid of an equal understanding doubles his own; and he who profits by a superior understanding raises his powers to a level with the height of the superior understanding he unites with."

JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service places at your disposal the wisdom accumulated by many years of wide experience. Whatever your troubles and difficulties, you may safely confide them to our experts, who will give you the best advice procurable if you enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for a reply.

F. J. (Lytham).—"Roughly what constitutes a dialect?" Broadly speaking, speaking broadly.

H. B. (Vauxhall).—"You strike a shrewd blow at injustice." Yes; we believe in a straight write.

G. J. (Cardiff).—"I lived in Llanfairfechan for seven years." That's quite a long spell.

E. A. H. (Pilsley).—"Who is most to the fore in running a company?" Those behind it.

P. T. (Dunkirk).—"Good whisky needs no water." Write direct to the manufacturers and tell them.

R. W. (King's Lynn).—"Do you think I shall succeed if I advertise?" You won't advertise long if you don't.

J. M. (York).—"I am sending this letter to try and interest you in a car." It doesn't even interest us in the office.

L. C. (Shrewsbury).—"I am not on speaking terms with my wife." Perhaps she keeps you on listening terms.

W. R. (Wigan).—"I've offered in vain to play either half or full back." They must consider you're a drawback.

JACK N. (Manchester).—"He refuses me his daughter's hand." Possibly he prefers to keep her whole.

O. M. (Belfast).—"I am sending you a lovely yarn about whisky." We're drinking it in.

E. W. (Folkestone).—"The worst of doctors they never strike at the root of the trouble." Because they know the danger of flying glass.

SALLIE (Bournmouth).—"I never seem to touch the floor when I dance." But doesn't your partner complain of his feet?

H. B. (Peckham).—"Oranges and lemons contain vast quantities of stored sunlight." We wondered where it had got to.

P. L. D. (Chingford).—"What do you think of my twenty-verse poem?" Send a stamped, addressed asbestos envelope and we'll tell you privately.

H. B. V. (Chatwood).—"The doctor says I mustn't do any brain work." We see by your letter you are faithfully following his instructions.

G. S. (Streatham).—"A donkey recently appeared in a new musical comedy." We trust the health of the animal won't suffer from its nightly late supper of chestnuts.

H. N. A. (Enfield).—"The wages of London dustmen have been raised." This, we understand, is due to the increased amount of rubbish occasioned by the daily clearance of Spring poems from editorial wastepaper baskets.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

An Easter Egg for All

EASTER for grown-ups spells a few days freedom and rest from the daily grind; for the youngsters it is a season when generous parents and uncles make presents of eggs—wonderful eggs, with bright, cheery exteriors to please the eye and contents to gladden the heart.

Now the public have a kindly uncle in the *Showman*, and the next issue of the *Passing Show* should prove an acceptable Easter egg for everyone.

Its bright, cheery exterior makes it conspicuous on the bookstalls and pleases the eye of all who see it; and it is certain that its contents will gladden the heart of all who read it.

It is as full of seasonable fare as an egg is full of meat. But, unlike the curate's egg, it is *good all through*.

Ashley Sterne is funnier than ever in a topical article on "The Bun and Egg Season."

A. G. Gardiner writes of Fleet Street scare-mongers who emulate the Fat Boy of "Pickwick" fame in trying to make our flesh "creep."

There are short stories by Will Scott and M. O. Sale, and humorous articles by A. A. Thomson, Will Dacey, Herbert Farjeon and a host of other clever writers.

Then there are drawings by such popular artists as A. T. Smith, Gilbert Wilkinson, A. C. Barrett, Aubrey Hammond and Leo Cheney.

There are thirty-six pages in all, and it is doubtful if a more generous twopennyworth was ever offered to the public.

Be sure to secure a copy this Eastertide. You will find it an Easter Egg de luxe.

WHY HAVE A BAD LEG?

Thousands praised the day they used the Tremol Treatment for Bad Legs. Cured patients from Land's End to John o' Groat's acclaim this great therapeutic discovery which has delivered them from the bondage of pain. There is no guesswork with Tremol Treatment, no experimenting, no lying up in bed, and no relapse. No matter how stubborn the case may be, no matter how many Doctors, Specialists, and Hospitals have failed to help you, the Tremol Treatment is certain to benefit you, as facts and living witnesses testify.

THE MESSAGE OF THE TREMOL STAFF TO SUFFERERS.

For 25 Years we have Cured Bad Legs only.

Doing this one thing only for 25 years has made us Experts.

That is why we succeed where others fail.

That is why our £1,000 Challenge has never been accepted.

We do this one thing far, far better than anyone else.

Our 25 years' experience Guarantees your Cure.

Many thousands are already cured.

Hundreds are being cured at this moment.

You may be Cured Now.

Let every sufferer remember this: Tremol Treatment

IS A GREAT HOME TREATMENT.

IT CONQUERS BAD LEGS WITHOUT RESTING.

NO ABSENCE FROM WORK IS NEEDED.

IT CONQUERS BAD LEGS WITH CERTAINTY

ITS GRAND RESULTS ARE PERMANENT.

The worst and most hopeless of cases are cured by Tremol Treatment. Cases of Twenty, Thirty and Forty years' standing succumb to the Treatment. When Doctors and Hospitals have failed to cure, Tremol cures. Seize your opportunity and give it the opportunity to cure you.

Think what a cure would mean to you—No more Loss of Time from Work—No more Leg Worry—Able to Enjoy Life—No more resting the Leg—Renewed Health and Vigour—Your Work made a pleasure—A New Vista of Life opened out before you—Your Leg made sound and well.

YOUR OWN TREATMENT PREPARED SPECIALLY FOR YOU.

Why does Tremol Treatment give such grand results? Because it is your own Treatment. It is prescribed, prepared, and compounded specially for you. It is adapted and suited exactly to your own case. There are no stock remedies with Tremol. Every case is treated separately, as if it were the one and only case. Each patient gets separate and individual attention. Hence this amazing record of cures.

Do you suffer from:

VARICOSE ULCERS or WOUNDS, VARICOSE ECZEMA, SORE AND INFLAMED LEGS, STIFF AND PAINFUL JOINTS, SWOLLEN AND PAINFUL LEGS?

If you suffer from any of these or any other leg trouble, Tremol is the Treatment you need. Results speak louder than words, and the record of Tremol Treatment for the cure of Bad Legs stands unrivalled.

WILL YOU MISS THIS GREAT OPPORTUNITY?

READ THESE QUESTIONS:

(1) Is there an open wound on your leg?
(2) Is your leg painful?

NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, MANCHESTER.

(3) Is it red, inflamed, burning, or itching?
(4) Is there skin inflammation or eczema?
(5) Is the leg puffy and swollen?
(6) Is your leg heavy, tired and aching?
(7) Is the knee painful, stiff or swollen?

TREMOL has cured thousands of cases worse than yours. It cures cases of long standing as easily as cases of yesterday. Its never-failing efficacy has won the highest praise and recommendation. It is the recognised Treatment for Bad Legs, and is a household word in thousands of homes the wide world over. DON'T FORGET THIS. WITH TREMOL YOU CAN TREAT YOURSELF IN YOUR OWN HOME. WITHOUT RESTING AND WITHOUT RELAPSE.

HELP FOR EVERY SUFFERER.

Not only from Great Britain and Ireland, but from every corner of the globe comes the demand from Sufferers for information about this great Treatment. Every day letters pour into the National Infirmary for Bad Legs from sufferers anxious to be cured. This cry for help is not unheeded. Whilst thousands are already cured, hundreds more will be advised and cured in their own homes during the next few weeks, and so the good work goes on. The Staff of the National Infirmary will never rest until this beneficent Treatment has been brought to every Sufferer and Bad Legs have been conquered. To meet the demand for help the National Infirmary for Bad Legs have decided to send to all applicants

FREE OF ALL CHARGE:

(1) A LARGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK teeming with sound and valuable information which is sure to be the means of bringing about your speedy and permanent recovery and showing how the Treatment can be used in your own home.

(2) A BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED ALBUM of coloured plates of actual cases cured, and showing how the Treatment cures.

(3) A LEGAL GUARANTEE TO CURE.

(4) AN AUTHENTIC LIST OF CASES CURED IN YOUR OWN TOWN, or neighbourhood, so that every Sufferer may see and talk with the people in his own district whom the Treatment has cured.

This great Offer is not a chance to be missed, so if you desire to have your leg made well, sit down now, fill in the Coupon below, and send to the

NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS,
WARD B.L.,
208, GREAT CLOWES STREET,
BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER.

You will then receive by return of post and free of charge THE VALUABLE BOOK, THE ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, THE LEGAL GUARANTEE, THE LIST OF CASES CURE CURED IN YOUR OWN DISTRICT, and advice on your case if desired.

Send this Coupon To-day or Write To-day.

FREE COUPON

Ward B.L.

National Infirmary for Bad Legs,
Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

Please send me your Valuable Book, Illustrated Album, Legal Guarantee, and all particulars as per your special offer.

Signed.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

.....

.....

State Complaint.....

Heroism in the Home

A Mothers Wonderful Fortitude

THERE is a heroism of the home which is every bit as worthy of the award of medals as the gallantry upon the field of battle which usually receives recognition in this manner. The fortitude displayed by women in the continual warfare against poverty is something which must compel the admiration of all who witness it.

If our readers could accompany us into some of the homes of the poor whose circumstances are investigated with the view of their being granted assistance from "The Greatest of These—" Fund, their hearts would warm towards the work of relief which we have undertaken.

If there were a roll of honour for such heroism of the home, a case which we investigated last week would occupy a high place upon it.

AS a result of a street accident, a man was taken to hospital suffering from severe concussion and other serious injuries, including a leg broken in three places. He remained unconscious for a week, and awoke to a realisation of the terrible predicament in which his wife had been placed by the calamity.

He was a breeches-maker by trade, working independently in his own home and earning a livelihood which allowed little margin for saving. His enforced inactivity meant that there would be no money coming in at all, and there was a wife and four children to be fed. He knew there was enough put aside to support them for a week or two, but he was terribly distressed as to what would happen to them when that was exhausted.

His wife bravely deceived him as to the extent of her distress so that recovery might not be retarded by anxiety, but after seven weeks in hospital, with the prospect of a further eight or ten weeks before his discharge, he begged us to make enquiries about the state of things at home.

Two ministers of religion who were asked to testify to the necessity for assistance refused on the ground that they did not know the family well enough. Like the Priest and the Levite, they passed by on the other side, and left us to act the Good Samaritan.

WE found the mother ill, without any food in the house, trying with her failing strength to finish making a pair of trousers so that she could buy food for her little ones. She had lived thus, hand to mouth, from day to day, content to stint herself of much-needed nourishment if only she could feed her children, all the time cheering her man with pathetic deception, concealing from him how dire was her need.

Succour was at once forthcoming from "The Greatest of These—" Fund. Please help us to relieve the distress of more of such heroines of the home.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"A Trifle," 2½d.; "Chrissie," parcel; H. F. Donett, 1s.; Miss E. Galliford, £1; Phelo, 1s.; L. K. Baker, 10s.

E. Purkiss, 1s. 1d.; Richmond Reader, pcl.; Southampton, 2s.; A. H. L., 6d.; Grateful Admirer, 2s. 1½d.; J. Robb, 2s. 6d.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; H. C., 1s.; Berkeley Burnley, 11d.; T. L. N., 2s.; M. Cooper, 2s. 6d.; C. M.'s Ninth, 1s. 1½d.; H. Reid, 2s. 6d.; W. F., 1s.; "Thistle (Scotland)," 5s.; F. G. N. Roberts, 2s.; Poult's Weekly Ninth, 1s. 6d.; E. B. Miffy, 4d.; M. C., 3s. 4d.; Spring, 2s. 6d.; J. N. S., 1s.; H. E. M., 1s.; M. R., 1s.; A. Thorn, 1s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; J. Lees, 1s.; J. Usher, 1s.; "£1 Bullets Prize," 2s.; C. E. Porritt, 2s. 6d.; E. Ruston, 1s.; M. S. (Rochdale), 3s. 7d.; "E. V. and C.," 3s.; Horton, 3s. 6d.; A. S. (Guildford), 1s. 6d.; E. Milsom, 4s.; A. E. Reader, 3s.; "Melton Mowbray," 2s.; "A Senseless Bulletteer," 6d.; Nell, 2s. 6d.; Sympathy, 1s.; P. D. (12th Ninth), 6d.; J. Powell, 4s.; Philcluna, 5s.; Carbon N. S., 1s. 5d.; R. O. S., 6d.; T. P. Ninth, 2s.; Anon, 1s.; Constant Reader, £5; A. F. Knowles, pcl.; Mrs. D. Knowles, pcl.; Wellwisher, pcl.; Anon, pcl.; "Bullets (Preston)," 1s.; Corstophine, 12s.; Unlucky, 6d.; Bill, 6d.; Portslade-by-Sea, 3d.; To the G. O. T., 7d.; Ninth of Winnings, 6d.; Erlestoke, 2s.; Mrs. E. Morley, 2s.; Grateful Widow, 5s.; F. G. M., 3s. 2d.; Phelo, 1s.; Rags, 1s. 2d.; H. Thomson, 2d.; C. S., 6d.; Ucalite, 2s.; J. T. N., 6d.; G. W., 1s.; Pax, 2s.; Kohat, 6d.; E. Cooper, 1s.; T. F. Hill, 1s. 6d.; M. Smart, 1s.; W. H. Duncanson, 6d.; F. Golder, 6d.; "Punctured," 6d.; A. M. E., 1s.; G. B., 6d.; C. Conre, 1s.; Felix, 2s.; F. H. Deathe, 1s.; P. H. Tinman, 6d.; Bulletere, 1s.; A. Walsh, 6d.; "Inasmuch," 2s. 6d.; Anon (Bullets), 2s.; G. F. Powell, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. K. M. B., 6d.; E. Baker, 1s.; Mrs. E. Bullows, 5s.; Mrs. R. Allen, 6d.; Bonso, 6d.; H. C. Hobbs, 1s. 6d.; A. W. M., 6d.; Idywilda, 7d.; Rights (Parkgate), 2s. 6d.; Bunny's Target, 5s.; "Crystal," 2s. 6d.; J. McCallum, 2s.; J. Perks, 2s.; "Happy," 2s.; Dressmaker's (Clippings, 1s.; Pat Dom, 2s.; S. A. H. Hawke, 3s.; M. A., 6d.; G. W., 1s.; E. M. Bull, £1; M. M. L., pcl.; Bournemouth, pcl.; Sailor, 2s.; Bellringer, 5s.; Miner's Wife, 1s. 2d.; Stranraer, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. C. E. Watson, 10s.; P. W. Britcher, £2; A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; "Self-Denial," £1; Anon (Coupon-Reponse), 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over)

The solution of Cross-words No. 8, which was published in our issue of March 21. The 1,000 prizes have been despatched and a list of prize-winners can be seen at this office.

"Bullets" £1 Prize-winners.

(*Continued from page 35.*)

Rd., Small Heath, B'ham.; W. Mitchell, Duke St., Dalkeith; Miss D. Nelson, 13, Glendower Rd., Waterloo, L'pool.; W. G. Payne, 2, Bowker's Cottages, Five Locks Rd., Pontnewydd, Mon.; Miss D. Pearce, 41, Weymouth St., Leicester; H. Pearce, 33, Dudley Rd., Ilford; W. H. Pickard, 33, Harrow Rd., Leicester; W. H. Piper, 94, Green Lane, Ilford, E.; W. Poole, 13, Purser Rd., Northampton; E. Preston, 51, Vicarage Rd., Camberwell, S.E.; Miss P. Rawson, 347, Ashtenhill Terr., Burnley; J. Robinson, 66, South St., Ilkeston, Nottingham; J. E. Robinson, 15 Nabcroft Lane, Crosland Moor, Huddersfield; H. Sedrey, 160, Whitearc Rd., Ashton-u-Lyne; T. H. Salmon, Whiteparish, Salisbury; A. H. Sansom, 7, Hill St., Poole, Dorset; C. M. Sharpe, Bickley Hall, Bickley, Kent; J. A. Smith, 20, Emscote Grove, Halifax, Yorks; F. H. Solman, 80, Prospect Rd., Tunbridge Wells; L. Stather, 23, Royal Park Terr., Edinburgh; H. Sternson, 3, Clyde View, Partick, Glasgow; W. H. Stevens, 4, Balmoral Rd., Fairfield, L'pool.; Miss M. Storr, 127, Holdenhurst Rd., Bournemouth; Mrs. A. Stott, 55, Howard Rd., Southampton; Miss D. Stradling, "School House," Gunness, nr. Doncaster; B. H. Tipping, Savoy Havana Band, Savoy Hotel, Strand, W.C.; W. G. Treunin, 24, Castlandhill Rd., Rosyth, Fife; Mrs. A. Turner, 73, Norroy Rd., Putney, S.W.; F. Vasey, 33, Vincent St., Hartlepool; J. A. Venn, Marlborough House, Saltash, Cornwall; E. T. Walker, Causeway, Godmanchester, Hunts; J. M. Walker, 183, Latchmere Rd., Battersea, S.W.; H. Walsh, 19, Belle Vue Terr., East Ardsley, nr. Wakefield; Mrs. Way, Everleigh Private Hotel, Beaumont St., Oxford; L. T. Weston, 143, Ongar Rd., Brentwood; Miss J. B. Wilson, 1, St. Paul St., Finsbury, E.C.; J. Worthington, 9, Conduit St., Nelson.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

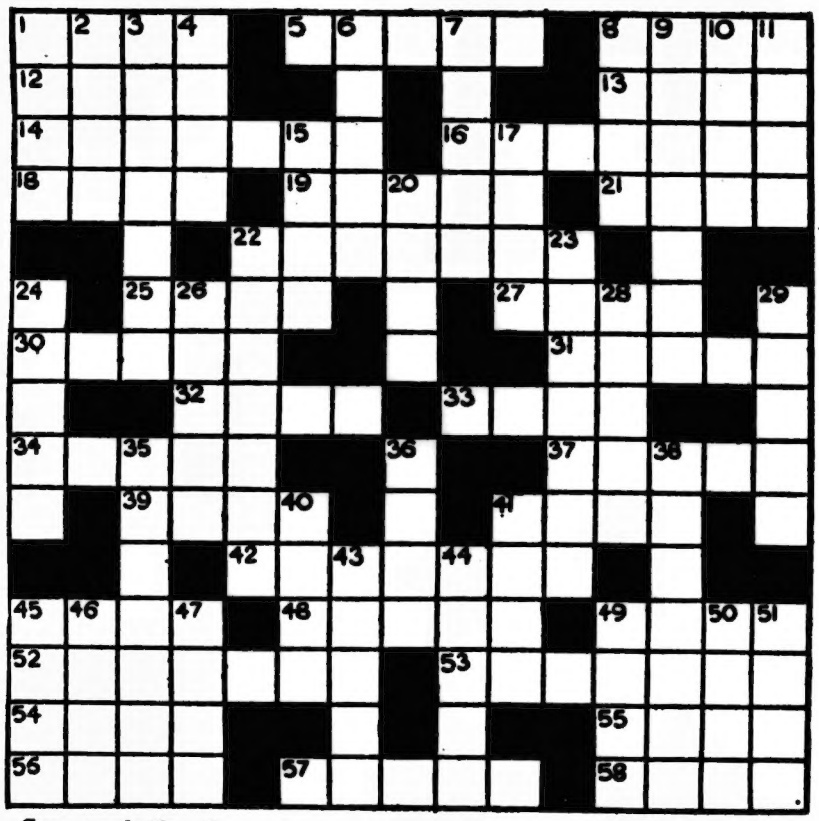
SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 558.

FOR OUR BENEFIT—AFTER WEALTH—WHAT BABY WANTS—WICKED WORLD—ENCOURAGING—A TRUCE—WHEN BEAUTY FADES—AS USUAL—FOR HIS SAKE—HANGING TOGETHER—WITH A WINK—WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS—GAME OF PATIENCE—IN TIME—HOW WE'RE SERVED—IN THE CITY—WHAT HER MOTHER SAID—WITHOUT A MURMUR—WHEN HE PAYS—WHAT IS A MONEYLENDER?

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupon on page 35, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, APRIL 23. All coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 558 in the top left-hand corner, and envelops containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 558, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 558.

Our Cross-word Corner

Another Thousand Prizes This Week!



Cross-words No. 10. Closing date April 8.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ONE THOUSAND prizes will be awarded to the senders of the first thousand correct solutions opened by the Editor. Entries must be received by April 8. To ensure absolute fairness no solutions will be opened until after the closing date.

LOOK at the clues below, and start filling in. You will be fascinated at once. There is no need to go to your library to try and find impossible words. Many of the correct ones appear in the preceding pages.

CLUES.

ACROSS

1. Terse.
5. Stumps of trees.
8. Adam's Home.
12. Again.
13. Minute quality
14. Stiffy.
16. Extremely hard.
18. To stupefy
19. A doorkeeper.
21. Exclamation of dismay.
22. A workman.
25. Measure of land.
27. A transparent mineral.
30. Kind of tapestry.
31. Kind of silk.
32. Close.
33. A channel
34. Free from dirt.
37. Species of duck.
39. To remove.
41. Girl's name.
42. A guilty person.
45. Cracked skin.
48. Deadly.
49. Article of food.
52. Withdraws.
53. To cut off.
54. Crude minerals.
55. A minute particle.
56. A pillar.
57. Trunk of a statue.
58. Enclosed seats.

DOWN.

1. Vehicles.
2. A single thing.
3. Periodical.
4. Alike.
6. A rendezvous.
7. Scottish hillsides.
8. Girl's name.
9. Local language.
10. Famous volcano.
11. Used in playing tennis.
15. To entice.
17. Slang term for bother.
20. Lofty.
22. A Poison.
23. Incipient.
24. Last month.
26. Inland waterway
28. Dead language
29. Furious.
35. Wipes out
36. Retained.
38. To swerve.
40. A tassel.
41. Suffers.
43. Used by cowboys.
44. Iron bars.
45. A hunting whip.
46. A brave man.
47. Gone.
49. To wave about.
50. To pack away.
51. Stitched borders.

Fill in the puzzle squares, write your name and address in the space provided, cut out the whole, and post to Cross-words No. 10, P.O. Box 200, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Cross-word solutions must not be enclosed with "Bullets" coupons.

Another Fine Cross-word Puzzle in "The People" on Sunday.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked —In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "JOHN BULL."

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 555.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:

Mr. A. T. CLARKE, 112, Stanley Road, Carshalton, Surrey.

Example :—WHAT THE OPTIMIST SAID
Bullet :—LATER—"BOOT-LACES, SIR?"

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Miss I. A. CHRISTIE, 12, Grace Street, Barnsbury, N.

Example :—TOO OFTEN
Bullet :—SUICIDE OF UNSOUND *Body*.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. A. W. HAYLER, 24, Burlens Meadow, Stoke Heath, Coventry.

Example :—NEXT GENERATION
Bullet :—HOPE DOLE WON'T DULL.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. E. SMITH, 44, Stafford Street, Burton-on-Trent

Example :—CHARITY
Bullet :—SUFFERING THROUGH "MIDDLEMEN" TOO.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

J. PRE COTT, 20, Penny Street, Weymouth.

Example :—WHAT THE OPTIMIST SAID
Bullet :—TOOK HIM TO PARLIAMENT.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

MISS L. AGOMBAR, 40, Cheneys Road, Leytonstone, E.
SAFER NOW—THAN "BURYING GRANDMOTHER"—"INFLUENZA."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. J. CLARK, 41, Millbrook Road, Southampton.
TOO OFTEN—SAME TUNE, SOON TAME.

N. S. COLQUHOUN, 286, Springburn Road, Glasgow.
WHAT HE WROTE—PRESSING SUIT—SUITED PRESS.

D. J. DEVLIN, Spring Hall, Huddersfield Road, Halifax.
WHAT THE OPTIMIST SAID—SUBMITTING TENDER—"I'M ENGLISHMAN."

G. FORBES, 17, Campie Gardens, Musselburgh, near Edinburgh.
TOO MUCH TO EXPECT—TO SIT TO CITY.

Miss M. GILMAN, 105A, Ladbroke Grove, London, W.
TOO OFTEN—"HOMEWORK" SPOILS ROYALTY'S HOLIDAY.

W. A. GRAHAM, 17, Elmhurst Road, Bruce Grove, N.
HOUSE WE WANT—PUB NAMED "THE OFFICE."

C. KEMSLEY, Alveston, St. Alban's Road, Watford.
I WONDER HOW—*French* MONEYLENDERS MAKE LIVING.

Miss M. MENZIES, 11, Garden Lane, Buckie, Banffshire.
TOO OFTEN—BAD LOT ORGANISING BALLOT.

E. A. WATKINS, 116A, Abbey Road, London, N.W.
WHAT THE OPTIMIST SAID—"GOOD-BYE, *Plumber*, GOOD-BYE!"

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

G. BASTABLE, 26, Tredegar Road, Bow, London, E.
WHY SHE ACCEPTED—ANGLER—HE DESCRIBED HOUSE.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

F. J. CARVER, 93, Redcliffe Street, Swindon,
CHARITY—"OVERLAPS," BUT SELDOM "OVERFLOWS."

H. DAWES, Sutherland Institute, Longton, Stoke-on-Trent.
WHEN PARTING—BURGLAR'S WIFE—"No KISSING!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. GRAY, 3, High Queen Street, Witton Park, Co. Durham.
PUT TO THE TEST—SPILSBURY MAKES DEAD SPEAK.

S. HAMILTON, 48A, Orbiston Street, Motherwell, N.B.
TOO MUCH TO EXPECT—DEMPSEY RISKING FILM FACE.

W. J. KERSWELL, 45, Croydon Street, Easton, Bristol.
CHARITY—SUPPORTS HOSPITALS—TREASURY, ARSENALS.

A. E. MABBETT, 118, Cambridge Street, Coventry.
I WONDER HOW—MISSUS RECOGNISES *My* ASH.

E. C. MURRAY, 60/1, Chiswell Street, London, E.C.
TOO MUCH TO EXPECT—STRONG SILENT BABY, ALSO.

Mrs. E. REYNOLDS, 165, Cheltenham Road, Bristol.
TOO OFTEN—MY HUBBY'S "SENTIMENTALLY DEFICIENT."

J. WATTS, 202, Moulsham Street, Chelmsford.
OVER THE TEACUPS—AND THE STICKS—GUESSWORK.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

W. D. Aitken, 11, Stanley Rd., Saltcoats, Ayrshire; E. E. Armstrong, Carville Station, Wallsend-on-Tyne; F. Ashton, 40, Cedar Rd., Nottingham; S. C. Ayers, 48, Roman Rd., Lowestoft; Mrs. M. Banks, 67, Westbourne Av., Gateshead; Mrs. B. Beasley, 31, Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate, Rotherham; T. J. Bryant, 148, Hotwell Rd., Hotwells, Bristol; J. Calloway, Gas Cottage, Whitmore St., Moxley, Staffs; Miss H. Carr, 2, Greenfield St., Rawtenstall; P. Catling, 10, Tenison St., York Rd., London, S.E.; Mrs. N. Clerk, Oltig, Portlethenmar, Aberdeen; A. Coates, Rawcliffe Bridge, Rawcliffe, Yorks; I. L. Conway, 73, Milton St., Maidstone, Kent; Mrs. E. Cooke, 48, Olive Terr., Thornhill Lees, Dewsbury; A. E. Cooper, "Chandos," Fyfe, nr. Bridgend; A. F. Cordu, 39, Avenue Rd., Bournemouth; W. H. Cox, Manager, Railway Bookstall, Llandudno Junction; R. L. Crouch, Leather Bottle, Cobham; R. G. Dagnall, 285, Norbury Av., Thornton Heath; G. Daley, 21, Milport Av., Dunmurry, Co. Antrim; Mrs. A. Davey, Model Cottage, Naphill, High Wycombe; A. L. Davies, 103, Dimsdale Parade, Wolstanton, Stoke-on-Trent; R. H. Davis, "Westmead," Darley Abbey, nr. Derby; W. Day, 45, Tabor Rd., Hammersmith, W.; A. Denby, 23, Bronte St., Bradford; S. F. Dews, 1, South St., Bournemouth-on-Sea; V. H. Dufour, 8, Moffat Rd., Palmers Green, N.; Mrs. C. Pathern, 31, Lake St., New Hinksey, Oxford; T. L. Fletcher

(Continued in next column)

10, Mount Av., Dearnley, Littleboro; W. J. Frewin, 6, Tydraw, Little Mill, Mon.; W. H. Gardner, 41, Henry St., Northampton; L. Grayston-Collins, Canal Parade, Cardiff Docks; Mrs. A. Hall, 61, Millstone Lane, Willaston, nr. Crewe; A. Halliday, 91, Uxbridge St., Burton-on-Trent; J. A. Harding, Plas Uchaf, Abergele, N. Wales; W. J. Harris, 13, Wigan Terr., Brynceithin, nr. Bridgend; Miss F. Hartnell, 18, Franklin Rd., Weymouth; A. P. Harvey, 13, Mount Pleasant St., West Bromwich; R. A. Hawkey, "Charivari," Cadboro' Hill, Rye; Miss E. Higham, 25, Belle Vue St., Blackburn; F. W. Hodgson, 175, George Lane, Lewisham, S.E.; C. Hone, 16, Quinton St., Earlsfield, S.W.; R. S. Hudson, 3, Queen St., Low Moor, Clitheroe; C. H. Hulls, 7, Clifton Rd., Aylestone, Leicester; H. H. Innes, 56, Queen's Drive, West Derby, L'pool.; Miss E. Johnson, 3, Silver St., Whitwick, Leics.; J. M. Jones, 129, Locking Rd., Weston-super-Mare; R. H. Jones, 15, Suffolk St., L'pool.; E. Keen, 10, Mursell St., Melbourne Rd., Leicester; H. J. Keith, 74, Auldhouse Rd., Newlands, Glasgow; C. M. Kershaw, 14, Church Lane, Oldham; A. H. Keyworth, 3, Railway St., Bath; Mrs. G. Knights, 44, Norfolk Rd., London, N.; Miss K. Lake, 14, Lansdown Cres., Cheltenham; F. A. Liddington, 10, Woodlands Rd., Southall, Middx.; Mrs. M. Livesey, c/o Queen's Hotel, Shrewsbury; W. F. Macleod, 36, Waterside, Irvine, N.B.; J. McConnell, Ivanlea, Polton, Midlothian; W. J. McIsaac, Ryde Grammar School, Ryde, I.O.W.; R. McKenzie, 184, Western Rd., Crookes, Sheffield; C. G. McVeule, 5, Hanover Rd., Crookes, Sheffield; C. G. McVeule, 5, Hanover E.2., Laira, Plymouth; H. Malin, 15, Guild St., Burton-on-Trent; Mrs. R. Matthews, 9A, East St., Brighton; A. W. Mayers, 11, Holmwood

(Continued on page 34)

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 558.

WHAT WINSTON WANTS
WONDERFUL TIME
SPORT OF KINGS
WITH OR WITHOUT
ONE OF THE BEST
CLERK OF THE WEATHER
OPEN ALL DAY
FOR HER
WHEN PRINCE MARRIES
GAME OF LIFE
NUMBER ONE
LOVE AND MONEY
HER BIRTHDAY
WE WANT TO KNOW
LADY POLICEMAN
WAY THINGS GO
SOLD AGAIN
LEADS TO TROUBLE
A MODEL
HOMES FOR HEROES
NERVOUSLY
WHEN FATHER SHOPS
TRUE LOVE
TRYING TO PLEASE
NEW ASSISTANT
WORTH FIGHTING FOR
WITHOUT WINGS
WHAT THE CHEMIST SAID
HIS DOWNFALL
ON A POSTCARD
WHY THEY QUARRELLED
WHAT IS A MOTHER?

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any **Two, Three,** or **Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example :—WHAT SHE BELIEVES *Bullet* :—PIECE SHE'S MASTERED, MASTERPIECE.
Example :—SCIENCE *Bullet* :—PROFESSOR SMITH NOW SMITHEREENS.
Example :—MATRIMONIAL HANDICAP *Bullet* :—SHE KEPT "ASKING MOTHER."

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 558, John Bull Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 16
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(558) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(558) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(558) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(558 P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

List of Five-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 555 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 555 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 554, can now be seen in the window of Miss KINGSLAKE, Tel-el-Kebir Road, Hopkinstown, Pontypridd.

CHILDREN'S
COLDS
AND
COUGHS
CURED LIKE ONE O'CLOCK.

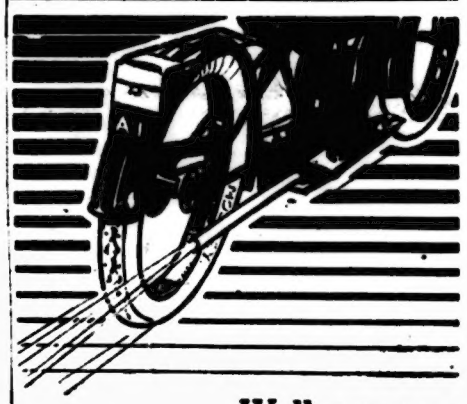
A GRATEFUL MOTHER SAYS: "GALLOWAY'S" COUGH SYRUP IS A SPLENDID REMEDY

Mrs. Eastmead of 116 Thanet House, Thanet Street, King's Cross, W.C.1, writes:—I feel bound to say a few words in praise of your wonderful COUGH SYRUP. My little girl contracted a very bad cough and I thought she was in for a bad illness. A bottle of "GALLOWAY'S" relieved her at once, and in a week she was quite herself again. I shall recommend this splendid remedy whenever I can.

Every dose of Galloway's Cough Syrup is a sure step to speedy recovery, but be sure that it is "Galloway's."

GALLOWAY'S
COUGH SYRUP

Sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere. Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle; or direct from P. H. Galloway, Ltd., Chemists, London, S.E. 17, price 1/9 and 3/- post free.



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MOSELEY
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These tyres are moulded with extreme accuracy, causing easy mounting. The tread is a combined stud and rib and the foundation the strongest cable fabric.

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Reasonable price,
Longest mileage.**

Order from your Agent to-day or send for Illustrated Price List No. 1.

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MILES BETTER
SEND FOR LIST TODAY
DAVID MOSELEY & SONS LTD
ARDWICK · MANCHESTER

What shaving paper do you use?

By RUPERT

If you use a "cut-throat," what paper do you wipe it on? The shaving aristocrat probably uses specially prepared paper. Tissue paper is good unless it is crinkled, in which case it is fatal. Any paper will do as long as it's smooth. Ordinary newspaper is as good as any.

The Romans, so we are told, shaved with iron razors. They must have been men of iron will—imagine an iron razor on a frosty morning!

MUCH TOO STERN

Somehow the idea of a Roman shaving at all is ridiculous. They seem much too stern, much too dignified, to do the same thing as quite ordinary men. Fancy a Roman soldier polishing up his shield to use as a mirror, and performing his hasty scrape before he went on sentry-go.

I suspect that Julius Cæsar never let anyone see him perform on his chin. How could he have earned the respect of his legions and gone down to history as the man he was, if his servant, having taken in his hot water, had gone back to the mess with a tale of how Cæsar had hobbled from his couch at an early hour, had cut himself badly, and was now endeavouring to stem the gush of blood with his toga?

A VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR

No! I suspect Cæsar's shave was a very private affair. An operation over which he felt as bashful as he did when he had to admit, at an official banquet, that he had tried several hair restorers.

The good old days. Bah! The Romans had never even heard of Easy Shaving Stick.

Yes I can tell you why I am so pleased with Life:
It's Easy to explain, just why I love my wife.
I shaved this morn in half a tick
It was my Easy Shaving Stick
that did the trick

6d Per Stick

LEVER'S EASY SHAVING STICK

Sold by Grocers, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.

E 141—24

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